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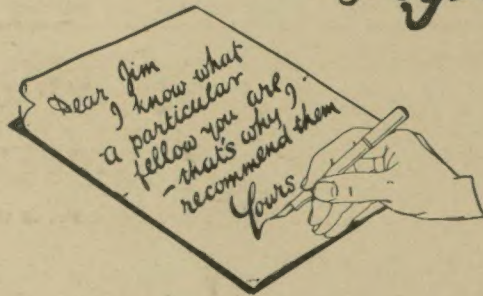
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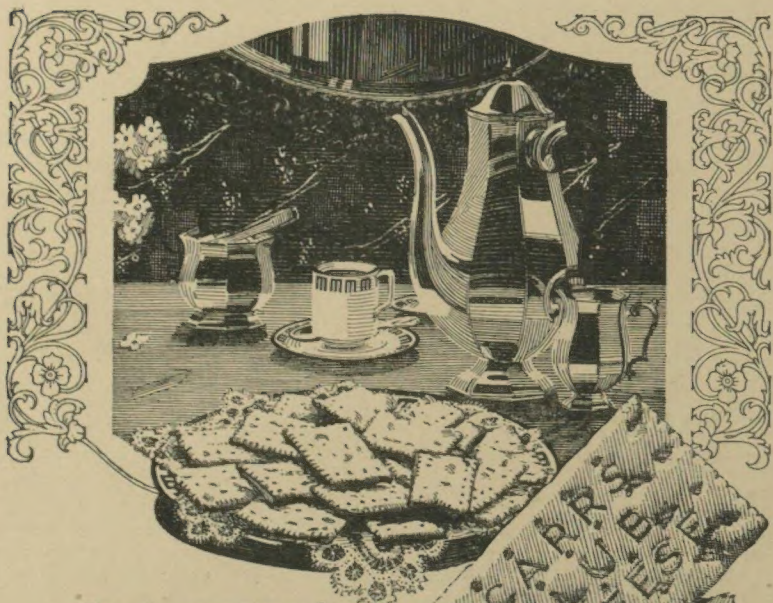
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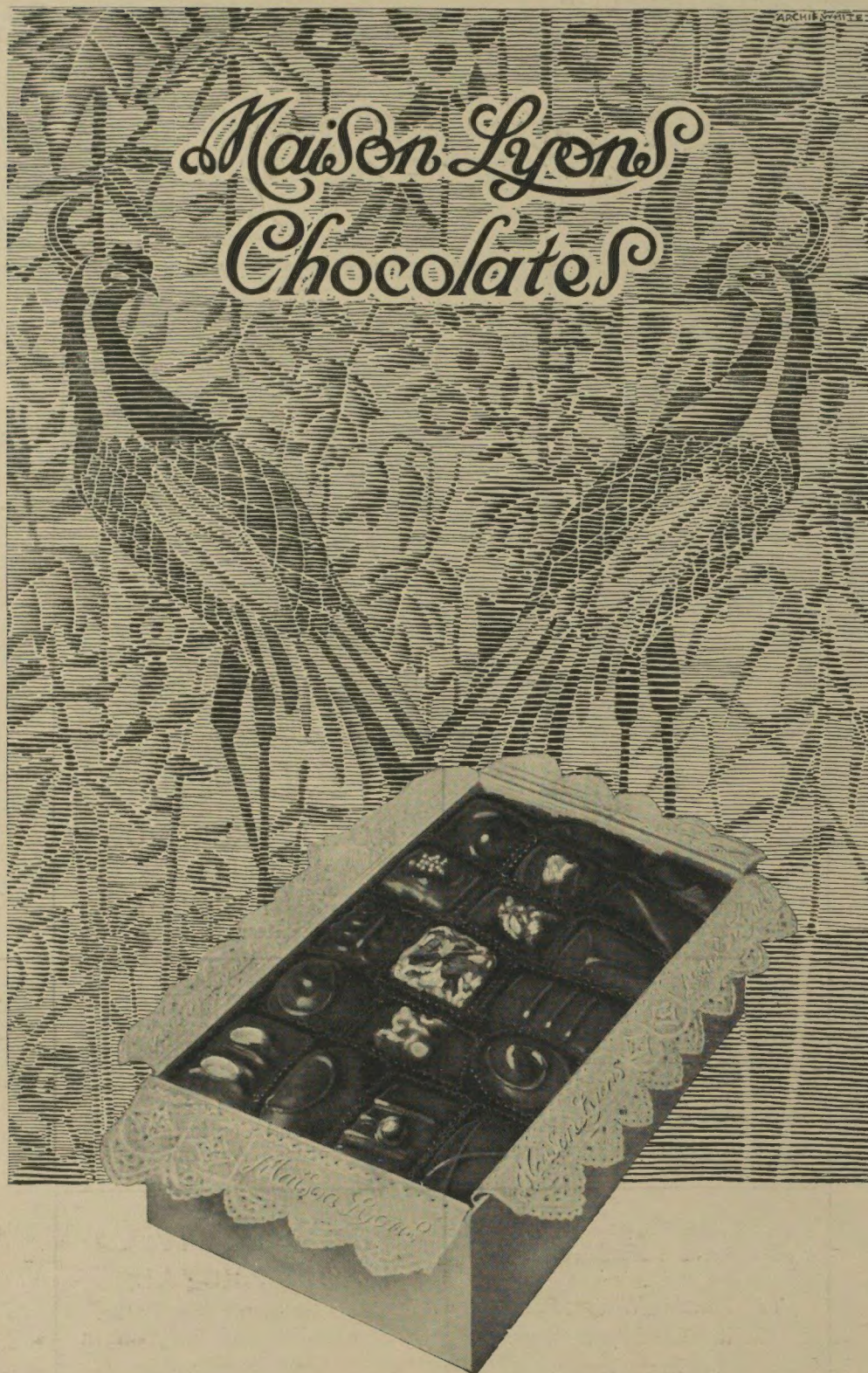
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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1926.

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BEATEN BY
Mlle. LENGLEN,
AFTER A
HARD STRUGGLE,
IN THEIR GREAT
LAWN-TENNIS DUEL
ON THE RIVIERA:
MISS HELEN WILLS.



THE STILL
UNCONQUERED LADY
LAWN-TENNIS
CHAMPION, WHO
DEFEATED MISS HELEN
WILLS AT CANNES:
Mlle. SUZANNE
LENGLEN.

Lawn-tennis enthusiasts all over the world were deeply interested in the first meeting between Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the famous lady champion, and Miss Helen Wills, the crack American player, on the Riviera. They both entered for the ladies' singles in the Carlton tournament at Cannes, and their great duel in the final took place on Tuesday, February 16. Mlle. Lenglen

won in two straight sets, but the score of games, 6-3 and 8-6, indicated that she had to fight hard to retain her supremacy. Among the spectators were the Duke of Connaught and King Manuel of Portugal. Extra stands on the Carlton courts provided for 2300 instead of 1000 people.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOPRESS.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is a side-issue touching the recent great speech of Mussolini, and touching the general question of German penetration and propaganda, which is not at all understood in this country. I do not by any manner of means take naturally to the notion of dictatorship. All my instincts, as well as all my traditions, are in favour of the old liberal conceptions of a free Press or a free Parliament. It is native to my nationality, and, so far as I understand it, to my personality, to prefer local liberties and the refusal of centralised power. I also profoundly distrust most of our own modes of reaction. I would much rather have even the Victorian compromise of constitutional freedom. For instance, I believe that religion can be so successfully defended by reason that it would be a thousand pities if it ever returned merely to repression. But while I sympathise with the Liberals, while I think I understand what is to be said for the Liberals, I cannot get the Liberals to see what is to be said for the Fascists. And especially I cannot get them to see this particular point about "peaceful penetration." Yet it is a very important historical point, without which much of history is meaningless. It has nothing to do with whether we sympathise with Mussolini, but only with whether we sympathise with Man. It is the question of what a man will probably do when he thinks he is surrounded by foes who profess to be friends.

When we say there is a peril of conspiracy, we are always ourselves in a great peril of panic. And whenever we are in a great peril of panic, we are always in a great peril of nonsense. That is the great danger of talking about conspiracy; and that is also the great difficulty of dealing with conspiracy. When people talk about plots and treason, they do nine times out of ten talk nonsense. There is not a little of that nonsense in the newspapers of our own day, as there has been in the mobs and riots of former times. But he is a bad historian who does not even try to understand mobs and riots. The real distinction is difficult to draw out in definition. Yet I think it well to suggest a few general truths on this topic, which is still little understood, but may soon be very much discussed and disputed.

When people talk about a state conspiracy, they generally also talk about stage conspirators. They talk about secret societies of assassins who meet in a cavern under the Thames. They talk about fearful foreign ruffians who assemble in London cellars or walk about the streets with bombs in their pockets. They assume that all these red revolutionists or gory criminals belong to one league and obey one head. They imagine that they all work out one co-ordinated plan of conspiracy. They think there are thousands of them, who all meet nightly in the same cellar in Soho. They believe they all use one password. They almost believe they all travel with one passport. Thus, for instance, those who talk about the Red Peril treat it as if it were the Red Army. They imagine it as marching and deploying with an elaborate discipline; but they also imagine it as ready at any moment not only for murder but for massacre. Now, as a matter of fact, if there really were this sort of red peril, it would hardly be a peril at all. If there were this sort of secret society, it could hardly remain secret. That kind of conspiracy probably

could be dealt with by law; it could be dealt with by ordinary law. It probably would not require a dictator, but only a policeman. Even a detective might be trusted with anything so very easy to detect. But the problem of the real ramification of treason, or some form of social desertion, is far more subtle; and sensational scares of this sort do not meet the point of the peril at all. It may frankly be said that it is very difficult to meet it. It may fairly be maintained that a dictatorship does not meet it. But the effort to meet it has been again and again a psychological and sociological fact of history; and to turn

a great war, it is not in the least unnatural that mere moderation has all the effects of treason. It may never be anything like an act of mutiny; but it can still be an act of desertion.

Suppose we had found, in the most mortal crisis of the Great War, that masses of our human material were honeycombed, not with riot, not with revolution, not with defiance or denial of the national claim, but simply with this sort of silent and ubiquitous unbelief and coldness. Suppose we had found, not in a few cranks, but in numberless groups of normal

and national men, a sort of universal military version of "ca' canny." All these men might mildly profess to be patriots. Indeed, even pacifists generally profess to be patriots even when we may have an impulse to call them hypocrites. It is not against the angry pacifist that we are angry. That sort of pacifist often has every virtue, including that of not being at all pacific. I am supposing a state of things in which patriotic feeling and even military duty were everywhere formally admitted or assumed, but in which everybody seemed to be inwardly cold about them or covertly sneering at them. Whenever such people had an opportunity of failing us, they would fail. But they would be perfectly well behaved, and would never do anything until they could really involve us in defeat on the battlefield. Now it may be right or wrong, but it is certainly true that this sort of thing maddens a man. This is the sort of silent treason that no man will stand if he can help it, if he is really convinced of any cause or fighting for any principle. He will almost certainly be moved to some kind of drastic action to stop the rot. He will feel certain that the cause of this creeping paralysis is a hidden cause. He will try to find it. He may very probably do very violent and sometimes very wicked things in order to find it. It was this which established the Terror in the French Revolution, to stop the German propaganda of that day and the desertion of the Republic under the threat of the German kings. It was this that established the Spanish Inquisition, to stop the Jewish propaganda on behalf of the Moors and the ultimate reconquest of Spain by the Moslems. We have been lucky, as I say, to have had few things in our own island story of the type of the Terror or the Inquisition. But, though they are not yet natural to England, they are very obviously returning in

Europe. And it will be a grave peril for England not to understand them.

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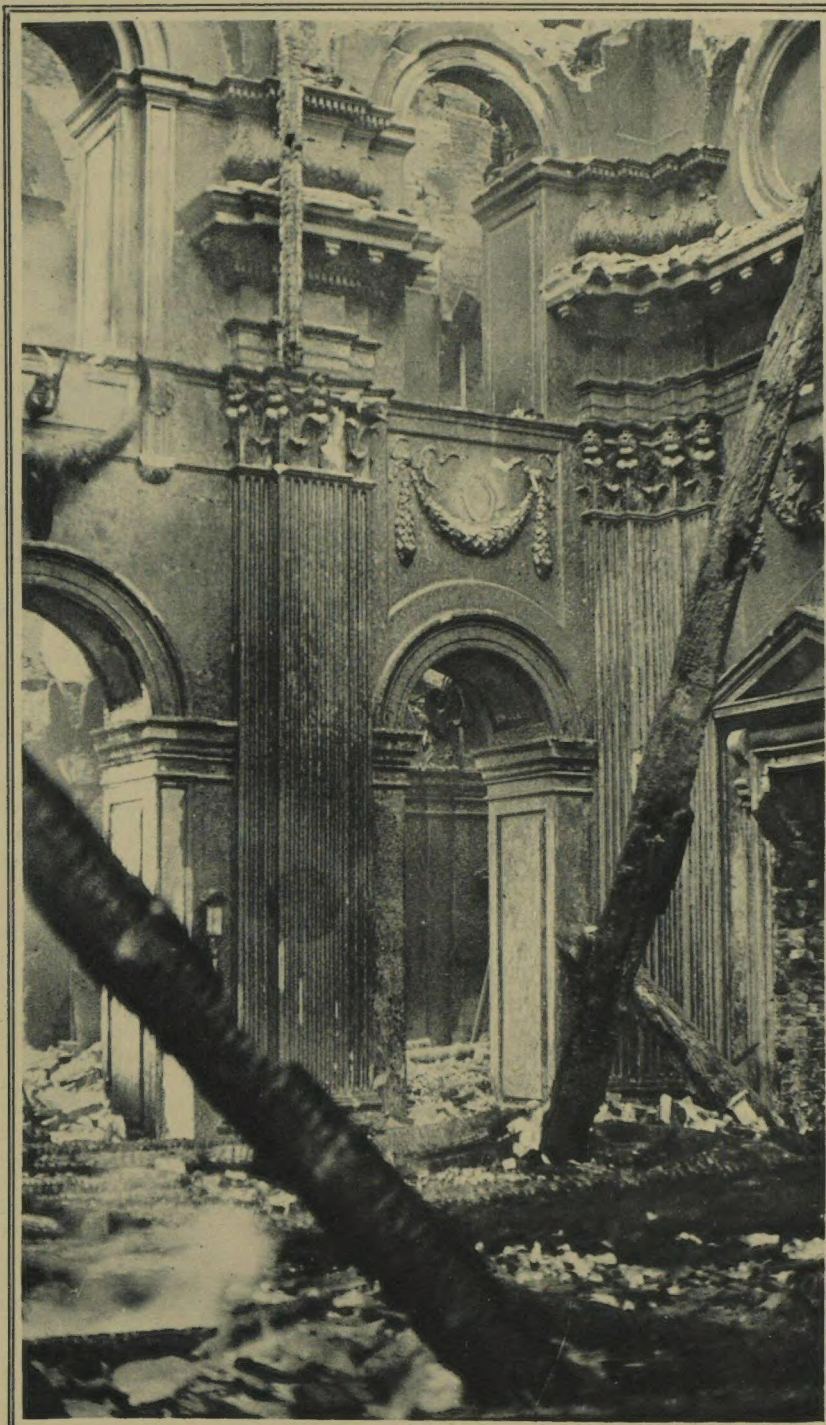
it into a vulgar panic or dismiss it as a vulgar panic is equally an example of blundering and blindness about the real story of man.

The problem that really presents itself is that of the design that everywhere denies itself. It is much too secret to be a secret society. Like the diplomacy of the financiers, it is not so much conventional as merely conversational. It has no doctrine; no definition; no defiance. It is literally informal; that is, it is formless. It is when this impersonal and yet often international influence is vaguely pervading and yet visibly rotting a vast society that men experience, rightly or wrongly, this reaction of persecution and the sense of peril. But it is not necessary for the expression of the conspiracy to be anything but moderate and even conservative. What maddens men is that it is moderate at the wrong moment and conservative about the wrong thing. For instance, when a great nation is defending itself against a powerful and oppressive enemy in

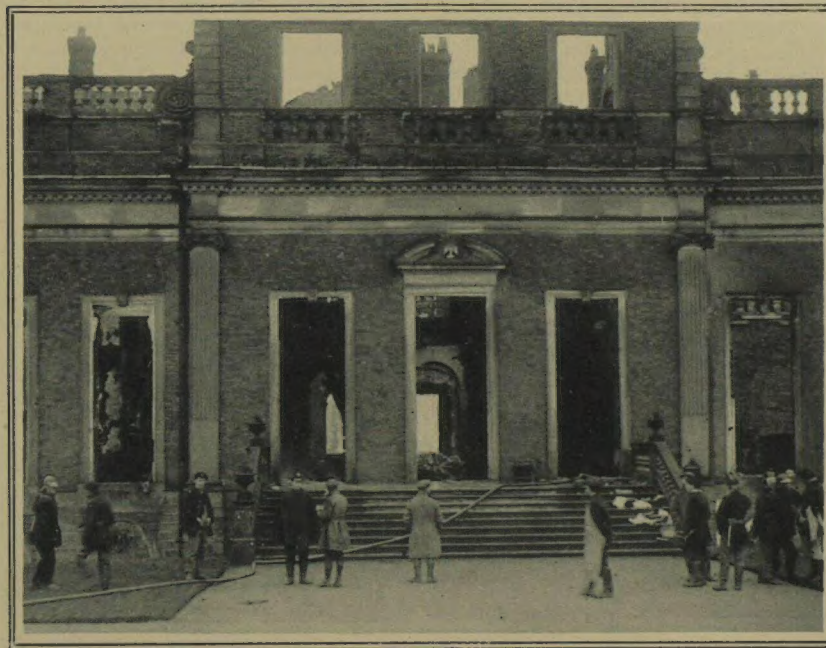
The point that is not understood is simply this: that it is not enough to go on talking about liberty to men who think they are dealing with hypocrisy. Thus, for instance, certain Parliamentarians will naturally say that they stand for liberty. They will not say that they stand for jobbery and bribery and tips on Government contracts; but they do. If a man like Mussolini is convinced that they do, he will arm himself not against their ostensible but against their real operations. The Italian dictator declares that he defies Germans. The German minister declares that he loves Italians. But the Italian dictator does not believe that he is himself the object of such love; he believes he is only the object of an elaborate policy of lying. When we have this simple situation, there will always be a return to simpler words and even simpler deeds, and it will be well for us if they are not too simple to be understood.

SIX LIVES LOST AND ART TREASURES DESTROYED IN A MANSION FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF OULTON HALL BEFORE THE FIRE BY COURTESY OF "COUNTRY LIFE"; THOSE OF THE FIRE BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



WITH CHARRED REMAINS OF GREAT BEAMS THAT CRASHED FROM UPPER FLOORS: WRECKAGE OF THE GREAT ENTRANCE HALL AFTER THE FIRE AT OULTON HALL.



AFTER THE FIRE: THE CENTRAL ENTRANCE OF THE SOUTH FAÇADE, OULTON HALL, SHOWING HOW THE INTERIOR OF THE MANSION WAS COMPLETELY GUTTED. Oulton Hall, near Tarporley, in Cheshire, the ancestral seat of Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, Bt., was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of February 14. Six lives were lost in the disaster—two women servants who had apparently gone back to save some of their belongings; two men servants of the estate who were helping in the salvage of art treasures when a roof collapsed and cut off their escape; an officer of the Tarporley Fire Brigade, who died the same night in hospital; and the head gardener, who died later. The house was at the time in the occupation of Mr. Frank W. Cooper, managing director of the Partington




AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE: THE ENTRANCE HALL OF OULTON HALL, BUILT SOME TWO CENTURIES AGO TO REPLACE AN EARLIER TUDOR MANSION.




WITH A SHELL-TOPPED RECESS MUCH IN VOGUE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY: PART OF THE SMALL DINING-ROOM AT OULTON HALL BEFORE THE FIRE.

Steel and Iron Company. Major Cotton, agent of the Egerton estates, directed the salvage work, and some art treasures were saved, but many others of great value, including the library, were destroyed. A list of thirteen pictures by old masters burnt includes one each by Van Dyck, Lely, Lawrence, Romney, and Landseer. Among an equal number of important pictures rescued were a Rubens and two Van Dycks. Fortunately, other pictures had been removed to Agnew's at Manchester, for renovation. The mansion destroyed was built in 1716-18 to replace an old Tudor house.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CONCERNING ELK AND GIRAFFE.

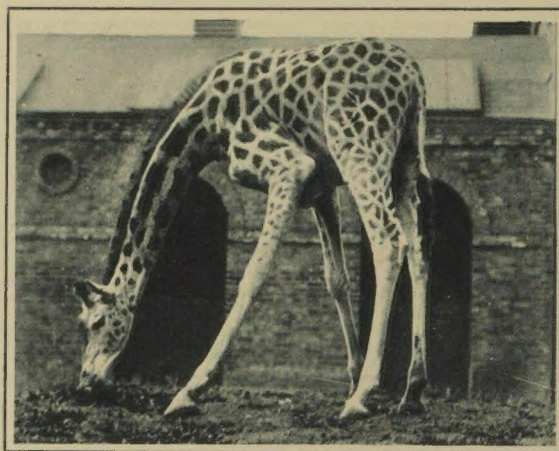
By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE world at large seems to regard the study of Natural History as a quite innocent "hobby," but apt to be somewhat "messy," and, in any case, of no great use to anyone, as compared, say, to the Classics. Naturally, I shall be told that I speak as a partisan when I venture to assert that the study of living bodies, be they plants or animals, affords the surest key to the mysteries of life, which we are all supposed to be so anxious to find, without the trouble of looking for it. Our mental, moral, and social well-being demands, and demands in vain, some knowledge at least of the manifestations and activities of living bodies. It matters not whether they be microscopic or elephantine, we shall find the same underlying phenomena. Nor do we need a course of special and costly training to place us in possession of the essential features, at least, of the nature of living bodies. Our "mother-wit," used circumspectly, will suffice us. A tour round the garden will furnish us with enough material for a lifetime. The dweller in the country has a wider field to choose from. Those who have the good fortune to live near Zoological Gardens, especially such as ours in London, may, perhaps, find even more stimulating themes for study.

Let me cite, for example, the study in contrasts which a recent visit to these Gardens suggested to me. Quite recently the Society acquired a young Norwegian elk, a creature which has not been seen in the Gardens for many years. It needs no label, for it has a personality all its own. The enormously long legs, short thick body with but a vestige of a tail, the remarkably short neck, huge ears, and the enormous muzzle, are features combined in no other animal. Even the male, shorn of his antlers, would at once be recognised as a deer of sorts. Having taken this first rapid survey, one would naturally ask: Why so unlike a deer in so many respects? And, more especially, why this apparently unfortunate combination of exceptionally long legs with a singularly short neck? These discrepancies become apparent the moment the animal attempts to reach the ground with its lips to crop the short grass of its enclosure; for it can do this only by spreading wide the fore-legs precisely after the manner of the ultra-long-necked giraffe.

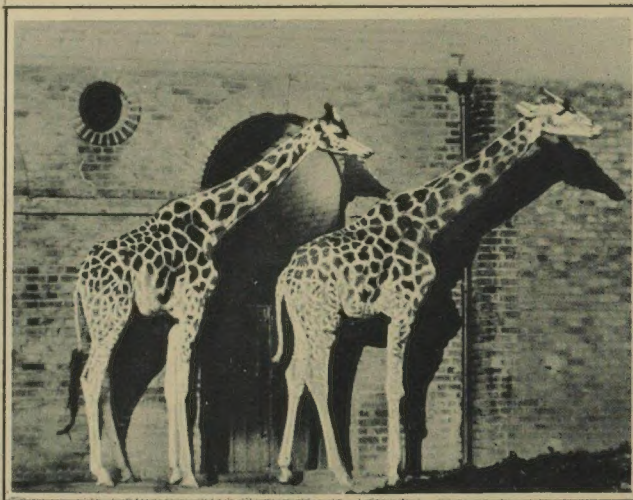
It is clear that neither of these remarkable animals is accustomed to browse on short grass, and a very brief investigation will reveal the fact that their mode of feeding is quite otherwise—they are tree-browsers. The elk or moose is a forest-dweller, but, for choice, haunting the vicinity of lakes, which are entered boldly for the purpose of feeding on the leaves and roots of water-lilies and other aquatic vegetation. To obtain this food they will swim at need, and can remain under water for an appreciable period.

region of the face is associated with a peculiar modification of the skull, wherein the nasal bones are unusually short, leaving, in the skull, a great cavity usually covered by the bony roof of the nasals. We



OBLIGED TO SPREAD THE FORE-LEGS APART, IN ORDER TO DRINK, MUCH WIDER THAN THE ELK: A GIRAFFE.

meet with the same peculiarity in that curious sheep-like antelope, the saiga, a creature inhabiting the steppes, and in Pleistocene times ranging as far south as France and England. The chiru, of the highlands



WITH THEIR LONG NECKS, FOR BROWSING ON TALL TREES, A STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE ELK: A PAIR OF GIRAFFES.

"The giraffe combines an excessively long neck with long legs, an adaptation to its habit of browsing on the leaves of tall trees. The willow and birch, on which the elk largely feeds, do not grow so far out of reach."

and moose they spring from the side of the skull, at right angles to the vertical axis. Moreover, they have a quite peculiar shape; for they display neither brow nor bez tines, but form an enormous basin-shaped palmation, composed of an anterior and a posterior portion, and having the outer edge armed with a varying number of projecting snags, or spines. In the fully adult male, these weapons have a span of as much as 6 ft. 3 in., and a weight of from 60 lb. to 100 lb. This is a prodigious weight to be carried by the head, even by the largest of all living deer. An old bull, of the Alaskan race, may stand as much as 7 ft. at the withers, and weigh 1600 lb.

I have said that the antlers of these animals differ from those of all other deer in not being branched. This seems to be true of all save the East Siberian elk, which shows a marked tendency to produce antlers of what may be called the normal type—a cylindrical beam bearing large tines, or branches. Here, probably, we have the ancestral type. Fine examples of such antlers are to be seen in Lord Rothschild's magnificent museum and in the British Museum.

Let me return now to the theme of the short neck of these giant deer, and their contrasting opposite, the giraffe. Lamarck, it may be remembered, made much of the long neck of the giraffe as an illustration of the inherited effects of use, and the evolution of species. The constant stretching of the neck, he held, in reaching up for boughs almost out of reach, led to an increase in the length of the neck in each generation. But he never explained to us when this lengthening process would stop, as sooner or later it must, or the poor beast would be crushed by its weight! Darwin held that this process of elongation could be best explained on the supposition that every now and then, owing to unusually prolonged droughts, there would be a struggle for food, and, since no two giraffes are absolutely alike in regard to the length of the neck, only those in each generation with the longest necks would be able to tide over this period of famine. When plenty returned, it would be accompanied with a race of longer-necked animals than existed before the drought; that is to say, all below a certain standard would have disappeared. From this new stage a further increase would arise with a return of similar stressful conditions; and in this way, in course of time, the giraffe, as we know it, came into being. The okapi presents us with a half-way stage toward this final development. Something of this sort may well have been true. But the short-necked, tree-browsing elk and moose make us a little cautious of dogmatising. We must not forget, however, that these animals feed largely upon the twigs of birch and willow, and these do not grow so far out of reach; that there are no periods of drought, and that browsing



COMPELLED, LIKE THE GIRAFFE, TO SPREAD OUT ITS LONG FORE-LEGS TO FEED OFF THE GROUND: THE NORWEGIAN ELK, NATURALLY A TREE-BROWSER.

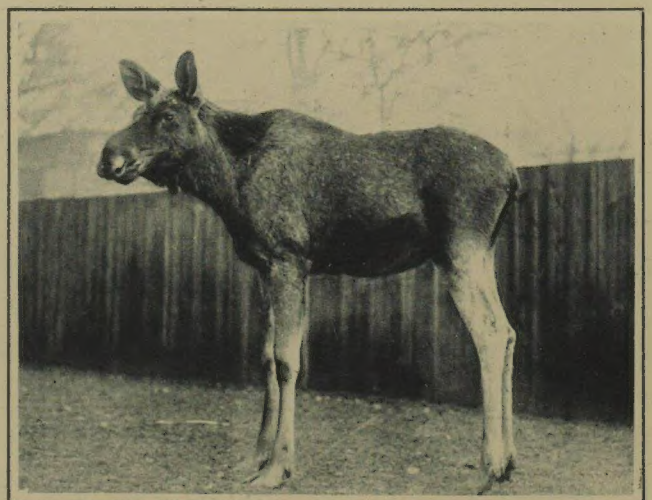
"The fore-legs are so long that it is impossible for the animal to get its muzzle to the ground without spreading out its fore-legs, after the fashion of the long-necked giraffe."—[Photograph by F. W. Bond.]

To an ordinary observer, probably, the enormous muzzle of this creature would overshadow the remarkable shortness of the neck. The great size of this

of Western Tibet and Turkestan, affords yet another instance of the same kind. Now, this animal ranges from the river valleys to an elevation of 15,000 ft.; so that the suggestion which has been made to the effect that these inflated nostrils were to be regarded as an adjustment to life at high altitudes falls to the ground. Nothing that is known of the life-history of the elk or the moose throws any light on the mystery. In the adjoining photograph of the Norwegian elk, there will be noticed, just under the throat, a short, furry tassel. This is a pendulous structure known as the "Bell," and in old males grows to a considerable length. It is evidently what is known as a "secondary sexual" character; but, so far, that is all that can be said about it, for it performs no known function.

The antlers of the European elk never attain to the magnificent proportions of its American cousin, the moose. But they have a common likeness, not only in the matter of

their form, but also in their attachment to the skull; for, whereas in all other deer these weapons rise directly upwards from the frontals, in the elk



A NEWCOMER AT THE "ZOO": A CREATURE NOT SEEN THERE FOR MANY YEARS—A YOUNG NORWEGIAN ELK, SHOWING THE "BELL" OR THROAT TASSEL.

"The European elk and the North American moose represent geographical races of the same species—the largest of living deer, remarkable for the shortness of the neck and the great length of the legs."—[Photograph by F. W. Bond.]

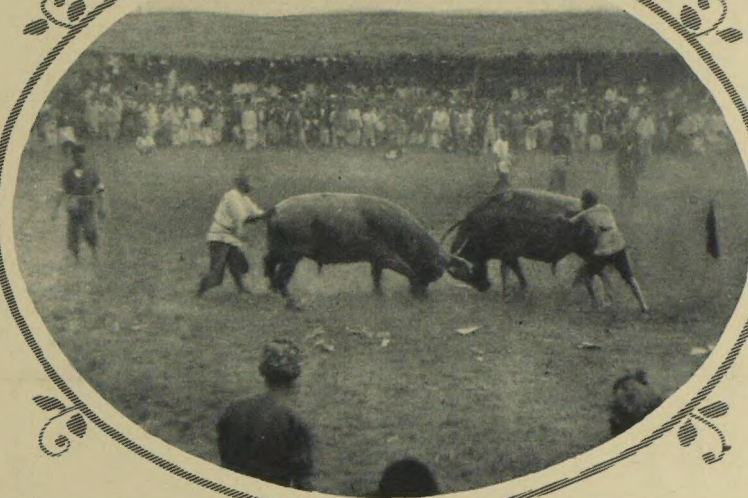
from trees is less intensive than in the case of the giraffe, for a great deal of food is obtained from the water, which the giraffe only seldom seeks.

ANIMAL "PUGILISTS": BULLS, BUFFALOES, ELEPHANTS, AND RAMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. EDWARD E. LONG, TOKISATSU, C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



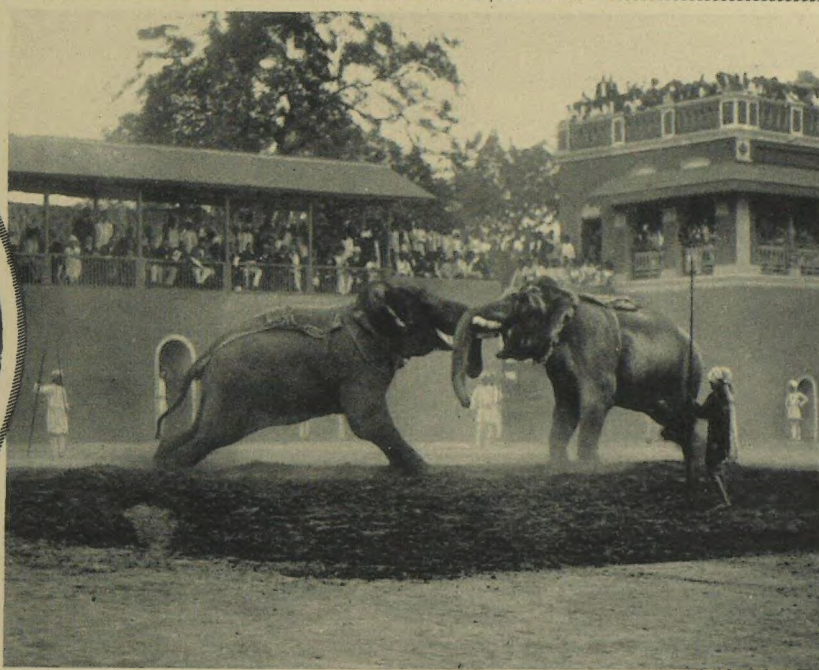
1. A BULL-FIGHT IN WHICH BULLS ARE PITTED AGAINST EACH OTHER, AND NOT AGAINST ARMED MEN: THE BEGINNING OF AN ENCOUNTER IN THE MALAYAN STATE OF KEDAH.



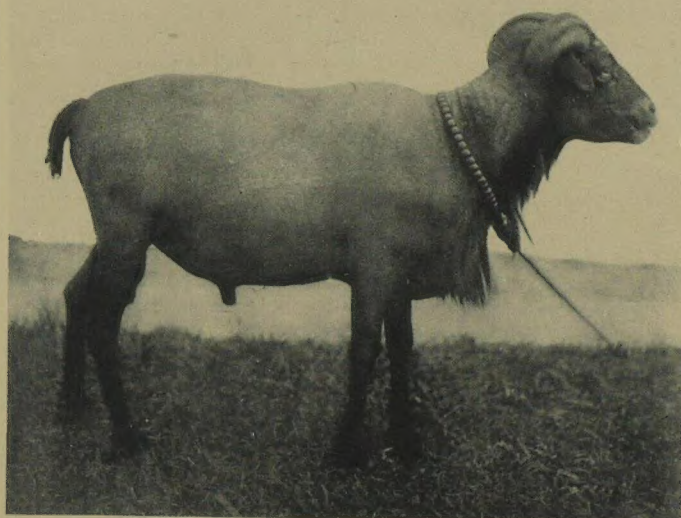
2. WITH THEIR HUMAN "SECONDS" URGING THEM TO GREATER EFFORTS: A LATER STAGE OF THE FIGHT, SHOWING THE LARGE CROWD OF SPECTATORS.



3. BEFORE THE VICEROY OF INDIA (LORD READING) AT BARODA: TWO BUFFALOES FIGHTING—MANŒUVRES FOR POSITION AFTER A TERRIFIC IMPACT OF HEADS.



4. ANOTHER ANIMAL ENCOUNTER BEFORE THE VICEROY DURING THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA'S JUBILEE: ELEPHANTS FIGHTING, COVERED WITH VERMILION TO SUGGEST BLOOD.



5. OF THE FIGHTING BREED, DISTINGUISHED BY A SHORT TAIL: A MALAYAN RAM BRED BY SULTAN MAHMUD OF PAHANG.



6. RAM-FIGHTING, A ROYAL PASTIME IN THE MALAYAN STATE OF PAHANG: THE COMBATANTS CONFRONTED BEFORE A LARGE CIRCLE OF SPECTATORS, AT PEKAN.

In a Malayan bull-fight, unlike those of Spain, the animals meet opponents of their own kind. "Bull-fighting," writes a correspondent, "is a national pastime in two or three Malayan States, and notably in Kelantan and in Kedah," in which latter State the photographs shown above were taken. "The bulls are trained," he adds, "specially for the purpose of fighting, and do so with zest. Photograph No. 1 shows the commencement of a fight, and (2) men urging the bulls to greater efforts. In another Malayan State, that of Pahang, a royal pastime is that of ram-fighting. There is a strain of Malayan rams which is bred

specially for fighting, and a peculiar distinction of these is a short tail. The Sultan of Pahang himself breeds these rams and is interested in their prowess." The photographs above (5 and 6) show a fight in progress at Pekan, in Pahang, and a specimen of a fighting ram bred by H.H. Sultan Mahmud of Pahang. Photographs 3 and 4 illustrate two encounters—between pairs of buffaloes and elephants—at Baroda during the celebrations of the Gaekwar's golden jubilee, the fiftieth year of his accession. Lord Reading, Viceroy of India, and Lady Reading, who were on a visit to the Gaekwar, were among the spectators.

HOME NEWS OF THE WEEK: EVENTS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

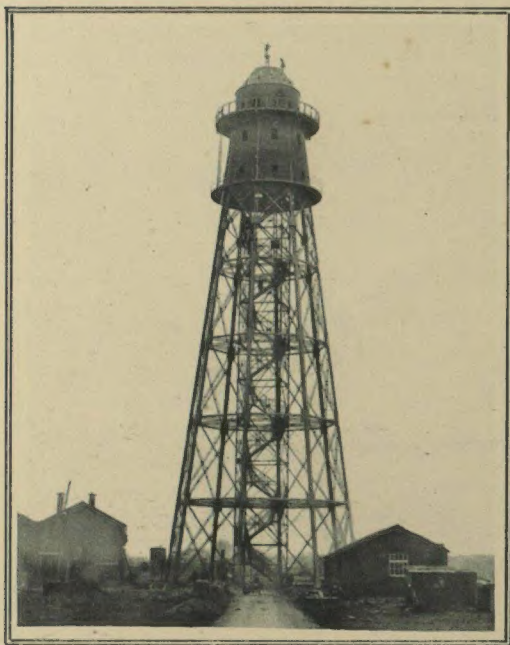
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," P. AND A., CENTRAL PRESS, AND CENTRAL NEWS.



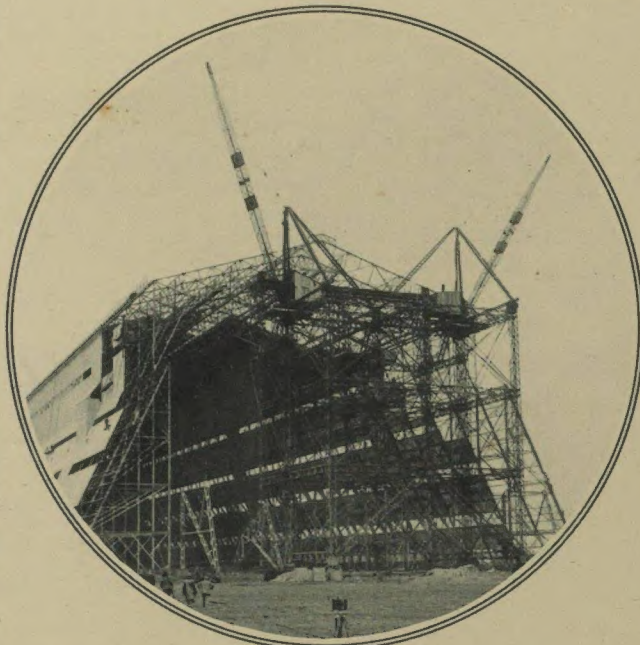
TO BE PLACED IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE OLD SHOP-FRONT OF BIRCH'S RESTAURANT, CORNHILL—AN ADAM DESIGN—PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY LORD KENYON.



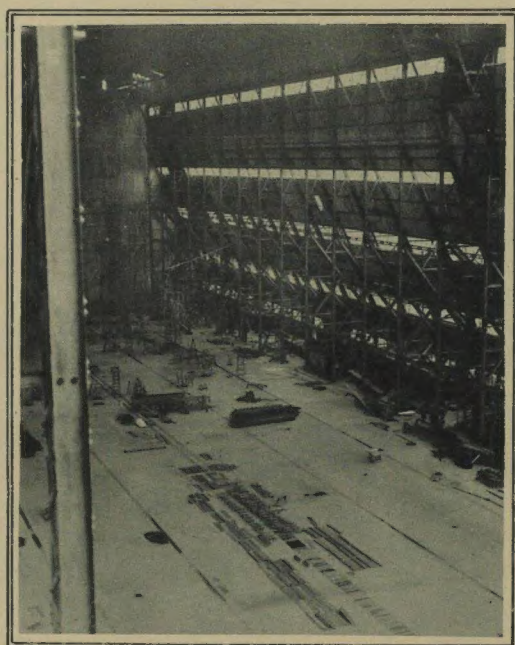
RETURNED FROM SCOTLAND YARD: DOCUMENTS AND PAMPHLETS SEIZED BY THE POLICE IN THE RECENT RAID ARRIVING BACK AT THE COMMUNIST BOOK-SHOP IN KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.



SHOWING TINY FIGURES OF MEN ON TOP: THE NEW 200 FT. AIR-SHIP MOORING MAST, OR TOWER, AT CARDINGTON.



HIGHER THAN THE NELSON COLUMN: THE HUGE AIR-SHIP SHED AT CARDINGTON BEING EXTENDED TO IMMENSE PROPORTIONS.



SAID TO BE THE LARGEST BUILDING IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE: THE INTERIOR OF THE AIR-SHIP SHED AT CARDINGTON, SEEN FROM THE GIRDERS.



THE IRISH "RUGGER" TEAM THAT BEAT ENGLAND: (L. TO R.) BACK ROW: M. J. BRADLEY, J. FARRELL, C. T. PAYNE, M. SUGDEN, W. J. LLEWELLYN (REFEREE), D. J. CUSSEN, E. DAVY, A. M. BUCHANAN. MIDDLE ROW: T. HEWITT, G. V. STEPHENSON, W. E. CRAWFORD (CAPT.), C. F. HALLARAN, F. S. HEWITT. FRONT ROW: C. J. CAGNEY, J. D. CLINCH, AND J. McVICKER.

The famous old Adam shop-front of Birch's Restaurant, Cornhill, which is giving place to new bank buildings, has been presented to the Nation by Lord Kenyon, and has been accepted by the Victoria and Albert Museum.—The airship shed at Cardington, Bedfordshire, it is said, will be the largest building in the British Empire. It will be 10 ft. higher than the Nelson column, and 812 ft.



THE ENGLISH "RUGGER" TEAM BEATEN BY IRELAND: (L. TO R.) BACK ROW: SIR T. G. DEVIIT, R. H. HAMILTON WICKES, J. S. TUCKER, R. J. HANVEY, H. G. PERITON, L. W. HASLETT, W. E. TUCKER, H. J. KITTERMASER, W. J. LLEWELLYN (REFEREE). MIDDLE ROW: H. C. CATCHESIDE, A. T. VOYCE, W. W. WAKEFIELD (CAPT.), A. R. ASLETT, E. STANBURY. FRONT ROW: A. T. YOUNG AND T. E. S. FRANCIS.

long. The height of the mooring mast, which is 200 ft. high and fitted with lifts, can be judged by the size of the men standing on the top.—The International "Rugger" match between England and Ireland, which took place at Dublin on February 13, resulted in a victory for Ireland by 19 points to 15. This is the first "Rugger" victory over England won by Ireland since 1911.

A ROMANCE OF THE SALE-ROOM: THE NEW FRAGONARD DISCOVERY.

BY COURTESY OF MR. FRANK T. SABIN.



OFFERED AS A COMPARATIVELY UNIMPORTANT LOT, AND BOUGHT FOR 1450 GUINEAS: "BLIND MAN'S BUFF,"
NOW ASCRIBED TO FRAGONARD, THOUGH CATALOGUED UNDER ANOTHER NAME.

A sensation was caused at Christie's the other day when the bidding for this little picture, entitled "Blind Man's Buff," and measuring 12 by 15 inches, after beginning at a low figure, rose higher and higher until it finally fell to a representative of Mr. Frank Sabin, of Bond Street, at 1450 guineas (£1522 10s.). The owner did not attach great importance to the painting, and it was catalogued—incorrectly, according to Mr. Sabin—as the work of the French artist J. B. Huet. "This picture," Mr. Sabin writes, "is actually by Fragonard, and is an engraved subject by a well-known engraver—Beauvarlet—who engraved it in 1760. The

late owner—a person of title—inherited it by marriage from a French ancestress, in whose family it had remained since it was originally painted by Fragonard." Curiously enough, a similar romance of the sale-room occurred simultaneously at a sale by Messrs. Robinson, Fisher, and Harding at Willis's Rooms. Here Mr. Alfred S. de Pinna, after keen competition, gave the same sum (1450 guineas) for a pair of Chinese vases, thrown in as a "make-weight" to form one lot with other pieces of china. He had recognised them, despite the dirt with which they were encrusted, as rare *famille jaune* (K'ang Hsi) ware of the early Ming period.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

TCHEKOV À LA KOMISARJEVSKY.—THE FELLOWSHIP OF PLAYERS.

NOW that "Uncle Vanya," after a great success at Barnes, is coming westward to the Duke of York's, playgoers will have an interesting opportunity to compare the methods of Mr. Komisarjevsky with those of our own producers handling these peculiar plays. It is no discredit to the latter

dry rot. Remember the party in "Ivanov": was ever a multitude of characters manœuvred in a small space, so chaotically at a first glance, yet so realistically in detail? One felt the hen-run trying to be social, yet to be wholly disjointed within. There reigns supreme egoism scarcely glossed over by the veneer of uncouth and *gauche* manners.

Now when he comes to the individuals, we feel that, under the producer's sway, they have entirely broken away from their ordinary deportment and mentality. He has transferred them. He has, in some cases with great success, remoulded the English man or woman into a Russian. He has relaxed the phlegm; he has taught them to say momentous things in the most off-hand manner; he has imbued them with the spirit of concealing art by being wholly natural. He bars vociferation; he puts a sourdine on outbreaks; he seeks evenness with but an occasional rise of temperature—now brought about by vodka, now by the long-pent-up feelings of the disillusioned idealist. The result is a picture of wonderful attunement. You may call it monotone, but it is not the monotony of sameness; it is the monotony of a perfectly engineered machine—interesting, fascinating, puzzling, despite its sameness of movement.

An actress, who was a pupil of Komisarjevsky, once illustrated his teaching to me. She picked a scene from "The Three Sisters" and recited it with gesture and in differentiation of time to mark the characters as she performed it to him at her first audition. That

practice; and Komisarjevsky's strong point is that, given time for rehearsal, he forms a picture of homogeneity all too rare on our stage, when the actors for the time have to change their nationality as well as its idiosyncrasies.

The fascination of Shakespeare's "King Richard II." (produced by the Fellowship of Players) does not lie in its historical accuracy, though it is remarkable for its slight variation from facts, nor in its singleness and simplicity of plot. Without Richard the action grows dull, for it is this masterly portrait of the King, touched in with infinite subtlety, which commands our interest. We watch his gradual degradation from the easy dignity of the opening scenes to the melancholy close, "bankrupt of its majesty." His selfishness and egotism, his heartless cruelty and unprincipled designs, have their roots in a fine nature—a nature thwarted and out of joint with the time. He is a dreamer with nimble fancy, a dreamer to whom action is painful and stately words pleasant. He stands for the dying faith in Divine right, for is he not "the deputy elected by the Lord"? The radical weakness of his character makes him deaf to Norfolk's passionate "plaining," callous to the advice of "time-honoured" Lancaster, and unscrupulous to all his kinsmen. Yet he is not devoid of perception, and our hearts go to him when we see his meekness in adversity, his sensitiveness to misfortune, and his deep humiliation. Mr. Leslie Faber's study laid emphasis on this poetic quality, and his whole conception was finely composed. Great praise is due to the way he spoke the lines. Not all the actors in this big cast have mastered the secrets of rhythm. The Bolingbroke of Mr. Edmund Willard stood out in vigorous contrast; and good work was done by Mr. Eugene Leahy as Northumberland. Mr. Cecil Fowler as Gaunt, Mr. Ronald Kerr as Hotspur, and Mr. Walter Hudd as the weeping Aumerle. The production was most creditable, and the curtain sets were effectively arranged. Patchiness is almost inevitable in a performance of this nature, and the play, apart from the solo character study, is not a good one. There is no satisfactory explanation of Bolingbroke's *volte face*; the opening scenes scatter the interest; and pageantry rather than drama fills the stage. The deeper spiritual impulses that built the Gothic cathedrals are not revealed, but in its rich language and its



THE NELL GWYNN OF A NEW BALLAD OPERA: MISS ISABEL JEANS IN "MR. PEPYS," AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE—A LIVING VERSION OF THE LELY PORTRAIT.

Further illustrations of the ballad-opera, "Mr. Pepys," appear on another page, facing those of a new film, "Nell Gwynn," for purposes of comparison. Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Nell Gwynn is in the National Portrait Gallery.—[Photograph by Joan Craven.]

to say that, if they know how to handle the material in parts, they fail to reproduce the entity of atmosphere. To put it graphically, the people in Tchekov plays produced on English principles convey the impression of a party of unbalanced folk oftentimes bordering on lunacy. In the hands of Komisarjevsky they are merely peculiar people now obsessed with an *idée fixe*, such as Uncle Vanya himself, now dominated by the dual life, the hopeless outlook which was characteristic of the foredoomed days of the last period of Tsardom. The atmosphere, be it said by the way, may have changed somewhat in the turmoil of Lenin's reign, when the whole country was in ferment and under such terror that even the majority rose from lethargy; but, according to a very informing book which I have just read—"Ce que j'ai vu à Moscou," by Henry Béraud—Russia has slid back into the same torpor, the same hopelessness, of Tchekov's time. There is less vodka but more hunger, and licentiousness beyond all bounds. That is on the surface; within all is lethargy, *laissez-aller*; vegetating or existing, but no real life.

Now Komisarjevsky knows his people to the core; he knows them not only as individuals but as a mass; he knows that, temperamentally as well as in their aspects of life, they are wholly different from the Westerner. Above all, he knows that what to us would appear as abnormal is a kind of normality of race. There was (and there is) no room for idealism in that community; no ebb and flow in life—only ebb with flotsam and jetsam lingering about. In reproducing this state veraciously, his first attention is directed to the picture, and next to the individuals. He sees to accuracy of detail: the rooms in "Ivanoff" and "Uncle Vanya" are Russian living-rooms as they exist; they breathe the atmosphere, as it were; they betoken the casualness of the people; they are, despite a certain comfort in furniture, uncanny, higgledy-piggledy; they convey the idea that everybody does what he likes and leaves things about as he likes. A pall seems to hang over it all. We scent unhappiness, discontent, idleness, erstwhile lofty aspirations within the

was in the approved style of our stage. There was cadence; there was raising of voice; there was at a given moment such climax as we expect in our theatre—hot and strong, as she put it. When she had finished, the producer said, "Very good in a way—but the way is wrong." Then he acted the same for her. He did it quite differently. He pitched one tone right from the first; he modulated that note imperceptibly; he laid stress on words, not on whole sentences; he avoided loudness; he avoided much gesticulation; he spoke with his eyes as well as his lips; he emphasised the words by his features; he created a strange harmony among the various characters. The scene, she said, was entirely different now: the drama of impressionism *versus* the drama according to the accepted canons of our theatre. "He made me sad instead of content," she went on, "and I felt that the sadness was real and that my emotion was false." I asked her to repeat the experiment for me—both ways. She did; and I then realised—as I have done lately in his Tchekov productions—the secret of his art. His is the humanising influence; the aloofness from all that is stagey; the power to create inwardness by avoiding the trappings of rhetoric elocution. He impels the actor to hold aloof from the theatre in the technical sense. He impels him to forget who he actually is and to merge his ego into the character he represents. You will say that this is the aspiration of all actors who are artists. But there is a great difference between theory and



THE MOST FAMOUS OF DIARISTS AS A CHARACTER IN BALLAD-OPERA: SAMUEL PEPYS (MR. FREDERICK RANALOW) IN "MR. PEPYS," AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE.—[Photograph by Lenare.]

complete characterisation of Richard himself, and in its setting forth of conflicting political issues through its crowded action, the play remains worthy of the genius who created it.

SHAKESPEARE AT OXFORD: THE O.U.D.S. "KING HENRY IV." (PART II.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS.



AS DOLL TEARSHEET: MISS OLGA LINDO.



AS BARDOLPH: MR. D. GILLIES, OF PEMBROKE.



AS HENRY IV.: MR. H. GRISEWOOD, OF WORCESTER.



AS THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: MR. P. L. DE LASZLO, OF BALLIOL.



THE DISMISSAL OF THE FAT KNIGHT: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, THE NEWLY CROWNED HENRY V AND FALSTAFF



"GOD KNOWS, MY SON, BY WHAT BY-PATHS AND INDIRECT CROOK'D WAYS I MET THIS CROWN": HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY (KNEELING) IN THE DEATH-BED SCENE.



AS FALSTAFF: MR. R. W. SPEAIGHT, OF LINCOLN.



AS MISTRESS QUICKLY: MISS CLARE GREET.



AS PRINCE HENRY (AFTERWARDS HENRY V.): MR. L. A. NYE, OF PEMBROKE.



AS SCROOP, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK: MR. H. S. BARNES, OF WADHAM.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society gave memorable performances of Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." (Part II.), at the New Theatre, Oxford, from February 9 to 13. The play was produced by Mr. W. Bridges Adams, of Worcester College, and was accompanied by charming music specially composed by Mr. H. Temple Abady, of Christ Church. The production was a great success, and the acting in general earned high commendation, notably that of Miss Olga Lindo as Doll Tearsheet, and, among the undergraduate members of the company,

Mr. H. Grisewood as Henry IV., Mr. R. W. Speaight as Falstaff, Mr. L. A. Nye as Prince Henry, and Mr. P. L. de Laszlo as the Lord Chief Justice. The crowd scenes were especially well managed, as in the arrest of Doll and Mistress Quickly, and the spurning of Falstaff by the newly crowned Henry V. The O.U.D.S., it has been pointed out, has exceptionally good material for Shakespearean mobs, in the form of enthusiastic amateurs who regard themselves as something more than supers.

NELL GWYNN OF THE SCREEN: THE PLAZA'S OPENING FILM.



TO BE PRODUCED SHORTLY AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW PLAZA THEATRE: "NELL GWYNN"—
MISS DOROTHY GISH AS NELL AND MR. RANDLE AYRTON AS CHARLES II.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE STAGE
COUNTERPART ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE:
MISS DOROTHY GISH AS NELL GWYNN.



AS SHE WILL SEE HERSELF ON THE SCREEN AT
THE PLAZA OPENING: MISS DOROTHY GISH
AS NELL GWYNN IN A PANIER COSTUME.



THE ORANGE GIRL AND THE
MERRY MONARCH: NELL GWYNN
(MISS DOROTHY GISH) AND
CHARLES II. (MR. RANDLE
AYRTON).



NELL GWYNN'S GIGANTIC HAT: THE ORANGE
GIRL WHO BECAME A FAMOUS ACTRESS AND
A KING'S FAVOURITE



IN THE DAYS OF
THEIR EARLY
ACQUAINTANCE:
NELL GWYNN
(MISS DOROTHY
GISH) WITH HER
BASKET, AND
CHARLES II.
(MR. RANDLE
AYRTON).



MAKING-UP FOR HER SCREEN APPEARANCE AS NELL GWYNN:
MISS DOROTHY GISH, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED FOR THREE
OTHER BRITISH FILMS.

The new British film, "Nell Gwynn," with Miss Dorothy Gish in the title-rôle, is to be the first production at the opening of the new Plaza Theatre, close to Piccadilly Circus, on March 1. It has been announced that Miss Gish herself will be present on the first night. She has been engaged to appear in three more British films under the direction of Mr. Herbert Wilcox, the producer of "Nell Gwynn" and "The Only Way," and she arranged to start work in the Beaconsfield studios, pending the completion of the model studios now being built at Elstree for British National Pictures. A "trade show" of "Nell Gwynn" was recently given in New York, in the ball-room of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, and aroused so much interest that the performance was repeated. Anaglyphs of the film in the making were given in our issue of December 12 last. It is interesting to compare the Nell Gwynn of the screen with the same character in the new ballad opera, "Mr. Pepys," illustrated opposite.

NELL GWYNN OF THE STAGE: "MR. PEPYS," AT THE EVERYMAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FILM IMPERSONATION BY MISS DOROTHY GISH (ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE): MISS ISABEL JEANS AS NELL GWYNN, IN "MR. PEPYS."

"PRETTY, WITTY NELL" AS THE STAGE REPRESENTS HER: (L. TO R.) NELL GWYNN (MISS ISABEL JEANS), SAMUEL PEPYS (MR. FREDERICK RANALOW), AND MRS. KNIPP (MISS ORIEL ROSS), IN "MR. PEPYS," AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE



PEPYS THE PLAUSIBLE, AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND: MR. FREDERICK RANALOW AS THE DIARIST, AND MISS MARGOT SIEVEKING AS MRS. PEPYS, IN THE NEW BALLAD OPERA AT THE EVERYMAN.



PEPYS THE GAY LOTHARIO: MR. FREDERICK RANALOW AS THE AMOROUS SAMUEL AND MISS ORIEL ROSS AS MRS. KNIPP, IN "MR. PEPYS," AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE.

A very interesting comparison, between two current representations of Nell Gwynn—one on the screen and the other on the stage—is provided by the above photographs of Miss Isabel Jeans and those of Miss Dorothy Gish on the opposite page. "Pretty, witty Nell," as Samuel Pepys calls her in his immortal diary, figures as a character in the new ballad opera, "Mr. Pepys," by Clifford Bax, with music by Martin Shaw, produced recently at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead.

Nell is here seen in her actress days, while the amorous diarist pursues his flirtations in the green room of the King's playhouse. All his little peccadilloes, which, but for his own record in his secret diary, would never have been revealed, are here brought into the limelight, as incidents in a delightful and amusing piece. Another photograph of Miss Isabel Jeans as Nell Gwynn, after Lely's portrait, is given on page 306.

"My Goodnish Graceness!": Fisherman's Luck.

"TALES OF FISHING VIRGIN SEAS." By ZANE GREY.*

"FISHERMAN'S luck means the time and the place and the fish all together. It does not happen very often." But when it does, the Japanese factotum is justified of his "My goodnish graceness!"

Not that Zane Grey and the other voyagers in the three-master that fell from *Marshal Foch* to *Fisherman* had much cause for grumbling when the "tackle-busting," hard-fighting "game" of the Pacific were breaking water. There were many moments of deep disappointment, of strikes that led to nothing but snapped lines, lost lures and fractured rods. The fear complex came with the silence and the storm. Fingers were torn and muscles stretched in the sapping heat. Snatching sea-birds poached bait as it touched the sea and, on occasion, were



THE RECORD SAILFISH: A FINE SPECIMEN 10 FEET 1 INCH IN LENGTH, AND WEIGHING 135 POUNDS.

punished by getting hooked. About Cocos Island there was warfare with sharks as fast as swordfish—grasping greed versus swift withdrawal. Mr. Zane Grey remains eloquently annoyed. "The next hour was so full of fish that I could never tell actually what did happen," he writes. "We had hold of some big crevalle, and at least one enormous yellowtail, perhaps seventy-five pounds. But the instant we hooked one, great swift grey and green shadows appeared out of obscurity. We never got a fish near the boat. Such angling got on my nerves. It was a marvellous sight to peer down into that exquisitely clear water and see fish as thickly laid as fence pickets, and the deeper down, the larger they showed. All kinds of fish lived together down there. We saw yellowtail and amberjack swim among the sharks as if they were all friendly. But the instant we hooked a poor luckless fish he was set upon by these voracious monsters and devoured. They fought like wolves. Whenever the blood of a fish discolored the water these sharks seemed to grow frantic. They appeared on all sides, as if by magic." There were cases akin to that of Bob's tuna. "Bob was hauling to hold the tuna; the shark was doing likewise; and the other sharks were fighting to get what they could. The big shark had swallowed the tuna clear to its gills. Suddenly Bob lurched back, swinging the severed head." More often, not even the head of the quarry came to light! There were catches, including a forty-pound wahoo, or peto, and the tigers of the sea were made to suffer; yet the sport was too tantalising to tempt.

But abundant compensation was elsewhere, to mitigate and to make marvel. The neighbourhood of the Galapagos Islands—"the ash-heap of the

Pacific"—yielded well enough: a fifty-pound dolphin; a sixteen-hundred-pound ray, fifteen feet across; a fifty-pound grouper, almost red in colour; a twenty-one-pound golden spotted mackerel; and lesser fry; with a sight strange to see and most mysterious. Mr. Zane Grey writes: "Not far from the ship, gracefully poised in the air, hung the grandest fish-shape that had ever transfixed my eyes. He was broadside to us and had the contour of a trout. His color was a resplendent brown flecked with white spots. His nose was sharp. Curving downward, he hit the water like a five-ton projectile, creating a thunderous splash, and flinging spray high into the air. . . . He shot out again, clear and sharp against the sky. . . . Up he soared, twenty, thirty feet, and more, and seemed to hang there while he curved his long body. Then head first he dove, sending up a tower of white." What was he? Not an orca; possibly an exceptional blackfish; perhaps "some species of long, slim, beautifully shaped whale."

At all events, he was prelude to a galaxy of wonders. The Perlas provided redsnappers of from ten to forty, perhaps fifty pounds, and amberjack of between seventy-five and a hundred pounds. One redsnapper was peculiarly fine: " . . . a huge red glistening shape . . . when the boatman drew him out of the water his color changed to gold, vivid, rich, beautiful, and this fact with his enormous size and similarity in shape to a bass, made him a most remarkable fish to catch. He weighed sixty pounds." As to amberjack, one "landed" weighed eighty-two and a half pounds. Concerning it, our author notes: "The largest I ever caught at Long Key was sixty-nine pounds; the largest I ever saw was eighty-four, and the largest I have ever heard of being taken was ninety-three. I was perfectly satisfied that there were amberjack here almost twice the size of these."

So to the next harbour: Zihuatanejo, State of Guerrero, Mexico. On the way were well met black-fish, whales, leaping sailfish, dolphins, broad-bill swordfish; swimming, purple crabs; and aquatic snakes, "mostly dark brown with white rings round their tails."

Then a sailfish nine feet four and a half inches in length and with an estimated weight of a hundred pounds; others up to one hundred and thirteen pounds—and the world's record: "All the beautiful, delicate, and exquisite features so remarkable in the other sailfish we had taken were intensified in this one. He was ten feet one inch in length. He weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds, the spread of his tail was three feet." Meanwhile, whales leaping—"nine leaps in all, the first being wholly out of the water, and the succeeding ones plunges and lunges, with half and two-thirds of the whales above the sea!" Sperm-whales, these: "one-third head," a consumer of octopus and squid; "the most dangerous of all the whale family."

Followed, the gallo, or rooster-fish, a terrific fighter; and, especially, the Marlin swordfish. With one of these Mr. Grey had a titanic struggle. "The marlin shot out like the ricochet of a cannon-ball over the water. . . . I saw his immense girth, fully as large in the middle as a barrel. His length must have exceeded twelve feet. Right there I estimated his weight, too, and was positive it reached six hundred pounds. . . . I fought incessantly and unreservedly for over four hours, during which the fish took us miles out to sea, and never showed again. . . . My arms, and especially my hands, caused me excruciating pain. . . . Finally I strained every last ounce of

muscle I had for the last time to get the leader up to Heisler's eager hands. Then the double line broke. I saw the gigantic purple fish-shape fade and sink. Whereupon I fell down in the cockpit and lay there, all in an instant utterly prostrated. When I recovered somewhat and sat up I found I was suffering in many ways—nausea, dizziness, excessive heat and labored breathing, stinging swollen hands, and a terrible oppression in my breast. My arms were numb." Later, in San Lucas Bay, were a sixty-five pound

rock bass; the dangerous blackfish, or whale-killers; *Rhineodon typhus*, the whale shark, "one of the rarest creatures in the sea"; and tuna, tuna innumerable, everywhere. Mr. Grey caught many. One weighed three hundred and eighteen pounds, and was nearly seven feet in length and over four in

girth. For one bag, two anglers caught eleven—from one hundred and thirty-five pounds to two hundred and fifteen pounds—and Mr. Grey writes: "Trolling from a fast-moving launch has always been the most exciting and fascinating method in angling for heavy game fish. The reason is because the strike is electrifying and strenuous. The bait or lure is speeding through the water. The fish chases it. He hits it. Then the angler sees the surface commotion and gets the solid shock when fish and hook meet. The strike from a tarpon, hitting a fast bait, is strong enough to jar an angler. That of a sailfish is different. It is delicate and light comparatively. Marlin swordfish at Avalon usually slip up easily, rap the bait, take it, and flash away. . . . The giant Nova Scotia tuna, if he struck a trolling bait, would demolish



KNOWN IN THE WEST INDIES AS THE PETO: A 50-POUND WAHOO CAUGHT AT COCOS ISLAND BY ROMER GREY. Reproductions from "Tales of Fishing Virgin Seas," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

the tackle and jerk the angler overboard. . . . Blue-fin tuna at Catalina, hitting a bait attached to a kite, make a thrilling strike.

. . . The Allison tuna, to my thinking, strike swifter and harder at a moving bait than any of the above-mentioned fish, barring what the Nova Scotia tuna might do. They make a hole in the sea, and a roaring splash, that would do justice to the plunge of a horse from a high cliff. I never before experienced anything so terrific as the strike of one of the large Allison. . . . Tuna of three and four hundred pounds, shooting like a bullet through the water, suddenly coming up solid on a line, gave us the angling shock of our lives."

"My goodnish graceness!"

What more could the fisherman ask of his luck in "fishy places"? Such things erase all memory of failure and fatigue. No angler will be "compleat" without the entertainment of "Tales of Fishing Virgin Seas."



VERY BEAUTIFUL AND A GREAT FIGHTER: A 60-POUND GALLO, OR ROOSTER FISH—LOWER COAST OF MEXICO.



WITH HIS 318-POUNDER: MR. ZANE GREY AND AN ALLISON TUNA HE CAUGHT AT CAPE SAN LUCAS.

* "Tales of Fishing Virgin Seas." By Zane Grey; Author of "Tales of Fishes," "Tales of Southern Rivers," "Tales of Lonely Trails," etc. With 100 illustrations from photographs taken by the Author and Others, and Drawings by Lillian Wilhelm Smith. (Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd.; 21s. net.)

IN VIRGIN SEAS: LEAPING WHALES; SWORDFISH; SAILFISH; DOLPHINS.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM MR. ZANE GREY'S "TALES OF FISHING VIRGIN SEAS,"
BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.



AKIN TO THE FISH WITH WHICH MR. ZANE GREY HAD A TITANIC STRUGGLE: A MARLIN SWORDFISH—ITS LAST SLOW HEAVE WHEN EXHAUSTED.



A SPECIES NEW TO ANGLERS AND DIFFERING FROM THE ATLANTIC VARIETY: A PACIFIC SAILFISH LEAPING.



WELL CLEAR OF THE WATER: THE "VERY SPECTACULAR AND GAMY" PACIFIC SAILFISH LEAPING.

"LANDING"
A FISH WHOSE
LARGEST KNOWN
BROTHER
WEIGHED
135 POUNDS:
A PACIFIC SAIL-
FISH CAUGHT.



MAKING ONE OF A SERIES OF LEAPS: A PACIFIC SAILFISH WHICH PROVIDED A FINE SPECTACLE.



THE WORLD'S RECORD SAILFISH: MR. ZANE GREY FIGHTING HIS 135-POUNDER, WHICH WAS 10 FT. 1 IN. IN LENGTH.



CONSIDERED BY MR. ZANE GREY TO BE THE MOST REMARKABLE OF HIS SEA EXPERIENCES: THE WHITE TAIL OF A SPERM WHALE AND THE BLACK TAIL OF A SPERM WHALE IN THE AIR.



CREATURES THAT SHOOT TWENTY FEET INTO THE AIR:
A DOLPHIN LEAPING.

In "Tales of Fishing Virgin Seas"—a book we commend heartily to our readers—Mr. Zane Grey has some remarkable stories of his adventurous voyage when seeking game fish of the Pacific. A Marlin swordfish of the kind illustrated put up a terrific fight, and escaped. The estimated length of this fish was twelve feet, and its estimated weight, 600 pounds. After the struggle, the angler fell back in the cockpit, prostrated. As to sailfish, the author saw many of them leaping. Of one instance, he writes: "He kept jumping faster and longer, while we shouted wildly the number of each leap. On number twelve, he turned broadside to us, so that we saw his shape. He had a hump on his back, a

further indication of large size. Number fourteen was his best jump and his last, and that number was the record for all the leaping of unhooked sailfish that I have ever seen." The photograph of the white tail of a sperm whale and the black tail of a sperm whale in the air illustrates what the author considers to be the most remarkable of his sea experiences. Mr. Grey notes: "We were indeed the first to photograph leaping whales, let alone the mysterious and rare sperm." Describing the photograph given, he says: "The underside of the flukes of the largest of these whales was pure white. Often we saw it raised high in the air, sometimes with a black one equally as large."

THE MOST PRIMITIVE RACE ON EARTH: THE HEIKUM BUSHMEN OF THE KALAHARI.

A DISCOVERY MADE BY THE DENVER AFRICAN EXPEDITION—By J. O. HULSE.

AFRICA has her witch-doctors, more devilish than the Voodoo worshippers of the Americas, and her head-hunters, beside which the Papuan is put to shame, but she alone of all the continents boasts the most primitive race on earth—the Heikum Bushmen of the Kalahari. A people whose only aim in life from birth to death is to obtain nourishment, who eat any beast or reptile, from buck and jackal to snakes and scorpions, a people who were regarded a century ago as vermin to be massacred on sight. These are the living relics of a prehistoric past the Denver African Expedition have searched for and found in the Great Thirstland.

The expedition was sent out to Africa by the University of Denver to make a cinematograph record of the life and habits of Kalahari Bushmen

Pan, that immense lake of bottomless slime, 4500 square miles in extent, which no man has ever yet been known to cross. It was when they left semi-civilisation and set foot in the Great Thirstland that the five embarked upon their most difficult task—that of finding the people of whom they were in search. Eventually, with the help of Captain E. Nelson, the game warden of the Etosha Pan reserve, the Denver Expedition succeeded in inducing scattered members of the Heikum Bushman tribe to collect in one big encampment near the Etosha Pan. Here the five white men lived among the Bushmen, filming their every phase of life, and making exhaustive notes of their present customs and their past beliefs.

The Heikum Bushman of the Kalahari is the personification of shyness. He is by nature a nomad,

gifted. He will stalk with the cunning of a cat to within a few yards of his quarry, and fire off his poisoned arrow. The animal is unaffected for the time being by the snake venom on the arrow tip, and gallops off, only to be "spooed," sometimes for many miles, by his merciless Bushman enemy, who will not give up the trail unless he himself drops dead with fatigue.

The Bushman's patience is matched almost by his generosity. When he has killed his quarry, the others travelling with him gather round, and all have a share in the spoils. Men, women, and children gorge until there is not a vestige of the animal left except bones and hoofs; and never by any chance does it enter their minds to cache the food for some other day when supplies are scarce. After his orgy



MEN AND WOMEN OF THE "WORLD'S MOST PRIMITIVE RACE" SWARMING OVER THE "MAGIC WAGON": HEIKUM BUSHMEN OF THE KALAHARI DESERT AND THE FIRST MOTOR-CAR WHICH THEY HAD EVER SEEN.

The expedition's camp near the Etosha Pan attracted all the Bushmen for miles around, lured thither by the promise of free "skoff." The motor-car was the first one they had ever seen, and they called it the Magic Wagon.—[Photograph by Denver African Expedition, of Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.]

for the Denver State Library, which is forming a collection of pictures of all the human races of the globe. The leader of the expedition was Mr. C. J. Cadle, and he brought with him from the United States Mr. Paul Hoefler, a motion-picture expert from Hollywood, and Dr. Grant John, who was to act as physician to the party. They were joined at Capetown by Mr. A. J. H. Goodwin, a noted South African anthropologist, and Mr. Donald Bain, who was to act as guide and hunter. An elaborate cinematograph apparatus, provided with special telescopic lenses and capable of taking pictures in slow motion, was included in the outfit, together with decaphones, gramophones, common "trade" articles, and an immense quantity of tobacco, sweets, and sugar to coax the Bushmen to pose for the camera. The expedition was housed in a White motor lorry, specially built to travel through sand, and fitted with an elaborate arrangement of insect-proof shutters for use in mosquito-infested districts.

Leaving Capetown on Sept. 8, 1925, the party travelled by lorry to the Orange River Falls, taking unique motion-picture films during the only season of the year when the falls can be approached owing to the absence of floods. Windhoek, the capital of South-West Africa, served as their base, and from here the expedition struck out northwards to the Etosha

hating with every fibre of his dried-up being the haunts of his fellow-men. As civilisation encroaches or attempts to get in touch with him, so he recedes and takes refuge in the most inaccessible portions of his domain. He is of pure, genuine Bushman stock, differing from the original Cape Bushman in that he is very slightly taller and a shade darker in colour. Wizen, wiry creature of skin and bone, constantly on the verge of starvation, he has been aptly described as a "glorified piece of biltong" in appearance. The expedition found the Heikum dialect to be pure Bushman, although they could not master a word of it after six weeks' study. Thomas, an ancient Herero headman whom the expedition had enlisted as interpreter, understood a part, and with his help, and by tempting the Bushman with sweets and tobacco, the white men got to be on friendly terms.

The dress of the Heikum Bushman—and Bushwoman—consists of a piece of skin tied round the loins, and he lives for the most part on what he can dig out of the ground. Bulbs and roots of all descriptions are the staple form of diet, although a certain amount of game is killed with poisoned arrows. Carcasses of animals left by lions are also eagerly devoured, in whatever state of putridness they may be found. The method of hunting shows with what amazing patience the Heikum Bushman is

of eating, the Bushman dances until he is too tired to move a muscle. There are dances named after most buck and reptiles, in which the inhuman movements are most accurately imitated. The Bushman's chief enemy is the snake, and to guard against its bite the Heikum tribes insert a strip of lizard-skin into their chests as a charm. The expedition could not discover whether this method of inoculation was efficacious or not.

In parts of the territory into which Mr. Cadle and his companions penetrated, the Bushmen live almost wholly on "tsama," a wild melon which is very plentiful at certain seasons of the year. The moisture obtained by heating the pulpy inside is used as a drink, while the kernel of the seeds is prised out and made into a kind of porridge. The seeds themselves are roasted and mixed with water to provide Bushman coffee. The "tsama" is a marvellous plant, without which the Great Thirstland would be uninhabitable, even by a people who exist more precariously than any on earth.

Few Europeans can kindle a fire as the Heikum Bushman does, by rubbing two sticks together, and no white man could eat the blackened and scorched objects which are thrown haphazard in the fire to cook. The three-legged Kaffir cooking-pot is unknown to these Bushmen, whose only receptacles are tin cans.

[Continued on page 328.]

HITHERTO UNKNOWN: HOMELESS NOMADS OF THE KALAHARI DESERT.



AFRICAN TYPES NEVER BEFORE PHOTOGRAPHED: YOUNG HEIKUM BUSHMEN OF THE KALAHARI



WITH CURLY HAIR CUT SHORT TO AN EVEN EDGE, NARROW EYES, AND THICK LIPS: A TYPICAL HEIKUM BUSHMAN.



TYPES OF YOUNG HUNTERS REMARKABLY SKILLED WITH BOW AND ARROW: HEIKUM BUSHMEN.



THE "GRANDMOTHER OF THE TRIBE": A BIG-NOSED OLD WOMAN, WITH HAIR SHORT LIKE THAT OF THE MEN.



WHERE THE BUSHMEN WERE COAXED TO POSE FOR THE CAMERA WITH GIFTS OF TOBACCO, SWEETS AND SUGAR: A RENDEZVOUS AT THE EDGE OF THE KALAHARI DESERT.



DANCE-DRAMA AMONG THE HEIKUM BUSHMEN: THE DEATH-SCENE IN THE GEMSBOK DANCE—REPRESENTING A HUNTER SHOOTING A POISONED ARROW AFTER DOGS HAVE BROUGHT THE GEMSBOK TO BAY.



SHOT WITH A POISONED ARROW AND THEN SPOORED (TRACKED) UNTIL HE DROPPED FROM ITS EFFECTS: A KUDU KILLED BY HEIKUM BUSHMEN IN THEIR CUSTOMARY MANNER.

According to Mr. J. O. Hulse, whose article on the opposite page describes that strange tribe of homeless and almost naked nomads, the Heikum Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert, these people are "the most primitive race on earth," and have been photographed for the first time by the Denver African Expedition. The Bushmen are extremely shy, but they were attracted to the expedition's camp near the Etosha Pan, a great lake of slime, by the prospect of free gifts of tobacco, sweets and sugar, and various other inducements. Describing the Bushman's hunting methods, Mr. Hulse says: "He will stalk with the cunning

of a cat to within a few yards of his quarry, and fire off his poisoned arrow. The animal is unaffected for the time being by the snake venom on the arrow tip, and gallops off, only to be 'spored,' sometimes for many miles, by his merciless Bushman enemy." In the lower right-hand photograph the Bushman on the left is a famous hunter known as Katanka of the Kalahari. The Heikum Bushmen have many dances, representing the action of different animals. One photograph shows the death scene in the Gemsbok Dance. After the dogs have brought the gemsbok to bay, the hunter is seen driving home the poisoned arrow.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE was a time when the obtrusion of the first person singular into reviews or other articles was strictly taboo. To-day all is changed. We live in an age of self-revelation, and that which simply wasn't done under Queen Victoria is now, under Georgius Quintus, the quintessence of good form. So on this page I make bold to "strike the personal note," in deference to the prevailing mode, not without latent misgivings that readers will think, "What a blatant egotist this man must be!" It behoves me, however, sternly to repress this deplorable modesty, the last dying struggle of a Victorian conscience.

This week the books on my list all belong to the realm of topography and travel. Being no great traveller, I can only deal with some impersonally, but there are two among them, describing places in the homeland, which do possess for me certain misty memories, not very thrilling to record. The first is "BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX," a Historical and Descriptive Survey by the Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, K.G., with illustrations from photographs, drawings, plans, and diagrams (Jonathan Cape; 30s. net). This is, of course, a posthumous work, and is the first of five monographs which the late Lord Curzon was writing at the time of his death, on "the homes where he had lived" and "the Castles which, in the national interest, he had rescued from decay or desecration." He bequeathed Bodiam to the nation, as well as Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire.

In this admirable volume, which is in itself a monument to his astounding industry amid a busy political career, he has told the story of Bodiam with scholarly thoroughness and literary charm. He was himself in love with the place, "unequaled," he says, "for picturesque beauty among the castles of our own or any other country." It was built in 1386. Lord Curzon at one time contemplated restoring some part of the interior for residence, but, remembering what Viollet-le-Duc had done with Pierrefonds and Carcassonne, "desisted from what would have been an interesting architectural experiment, but might easily have degenerated into an archaeological crime." It may well be that this most delightful book, with its many exquisite collotype illustrations, will keep Lord Curzon's memory alive when the deeds that he did as a statesman have become mere details of history.

My own recollection of Bodiam dates from a summer long ago—to be precise, I think it was in 1896—when I saw its moated walls and glorious towers during a walk with the late Sir Cyril Jackson, with whom I was spending a week-end at his Sussex home in the neighbourhood. That was years before his chairmanship of the London County Council, and his knighthood. At that time I was one of his henchmen in enterprises of philanthropic kind connected with Toynbee Hall. At a Council School club, far east of Aldgate Pump, I helped him to organise some probably unparalleled Shakespearean productions—"Henry IV." and "The Comedy of Errors"—which were given in the stately Town Hall of Limehouse. Such are the somewhat incongruous memories called up to my mind by Bodiam's castled keep.

Some still earlier recollections occur to me in looking over the newest volume of a well-known topographical series—"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN LEICESTERSHIRE," by J. B. Firth, with Illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs, A.R.A. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). One chapter in this very fascinating book is devoted to another famous castle—more famous, indeed, than Bodiam, because it has remained up to modern days in the occupation of a great family. As Leland puts it in his quaint old style: "The Castle of Belvoir standeth in the utter part of that way of Leicestershire on the very knape of a highe hille, stepe up eche way, partly by nature, partly by working of mennes handes, as it may evidently be perceived. Whether there were any Castelle there afore the Conquest or no, I am not sure, but surely I think rather no than ye."

My memories of Belvoir are extremely vague. I was a very small boy at the time when I was one of a party that drove over from the Lincolnshire village of Long Bennington, where my aunt was the parson's wife. In those days I was more interested in the luncheon basket than in ducal mansions—in strawberries rather than strawberry leaves. Strangely enough, I happen to live now close to the London home of a noted daughter of Belvoir.

One further and final reminiscence is suggested to me by the chapter on the Quorn Hunt. That hunting paradise known as the Shires, consists, as the author points out, of Leicestershire, Rutland, Northamptonshire, and a small fragment of Lincolnshire, and includes among them the Belvoir, the Quorn, the Cottesmore, the Pytchley, and Ferie's. It was a favourite afternoon's amusement at Uppingham in my day to go for a cross-country run, with

some chosen companion, jumping the Welland and any other brooks encountered, and, if possible, following the hounds on foot. I remember also being taken over the kennels during one of these excursions. Like its predecessors, the new "Highways and Byways" volume is equally attractive on the pictorial as on the literary side, containing abundance of beautiful pencil drawings.

It is a far cry from Leicestershire to the land of the Prophet. The recent death of Mr. Charles M. Doughty lends a memorial interest to the new popular edition of his "WANDERINGS IN ARABIA" (Duckworth; 12s. 6d. net), an authorised abridgment, complete in one volume, of his classic "Travels in Arabia Deserta." This work has long ago taken its place as one of the greatest books of travel in modern literature. The present abridgment was made, with the author's sanction, by Mr. Edward Garnett, who has done his task with sound judgment. Doughty's style has a Biblical dignity and simplicity; it

This pictorial deficiency in the present edition of Doughty's book is to some extent supplied by the Arabian section of a large and well-produced volume entitled "PICTURESQUE PALESTINE, ARABIA AND SYRIA," the Country, the People, and the Landscape, by Karl Gröber; Illustrated with 304 photogravure plates (Jarrold; 25s. net). These excellent photographs leave nothing to be desired, except, perhaps, a sense of mystery, softness, and atmosphere. They are brilliantly clear in every detail, as a landscape appears in the hard and dazzling sunlight of a cloudless summer day. As most of the subjects are architectural, however, this clearness is an advantage to the student. From a technical point of view, I have seldom seen better results in photographic reproduction. The titles of the plates are given in five languages—German (that of the author), English, French, Italian, and Spanish. The historical introduction would have been more easily readable if divided into shorter paragraphs. Personally, I find large solid pages of long lines, crammed with historical facts, somewhat indigestible.

From the massive efficiency of the German mind "off we go to the other extreme"—to quote the twin Kings of Barataria, in a gossip and somewhat sentimental impression of an ex-enemy city—"THE LURE OF VIENNA," by Alice M. Williamson, with eight illustrations from photographs (Mills and Boon; 5s. net). No doubt the style which Mrs. Williamson adopts was partly imposed upon her by the character of the series to which the book belongs—"The Lure of Travel." She would naturally feel it her duty to write alluringly, but I must confess to feeling a little relieved when she had finished personifying Vienna as Helen and Cinderella, and proceeded to a rather more explicit manner of description. Readers who desire to taste, without drinking too deep, of the Pierian spring of topography will find this little dose quite palatable.

I was particularly intrigued by the surgical achievements—in rejuvenation and so on—of the Vienna professors, notably those of Professor Walzer, who has invented a plan "to reduce the deformity of vast superfluous fat by an operation." As Mrs. Williamson says: "This startling fact must make the Professor an idol of the Germanic races, for I think perhaps there are more barrel-shaped persons in Germany than in most other countries." Professor Walzer's cure would have been just the thing for that discontented sugar-broker who—

Had everything a man of taste
Could ever want, except a waist;

and who, in order to reduce his adipose deposit, made a practice of dancing (possibly waltzing) all the way—

From his abode
In Fulham Road,
Through Brompton to the City.

To turn to a graver subject—there is the strong appeal of personal reminiscence, by various hands, in what is mainly a historical record, "THE ADVENTURE OF WRANGEL ISLAND," written by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, with the collaboration of John Irvine Knight, upon the Diary of whose son, Errol Lorne Knight, the narrative is mainly based (Jonathan Cape; 18s. net). This is the story of a heroic endeavour, none the less so because it ended in failure and tragedy; for of the party of five who occupied Wrangel Island under the British flag in 1921, only one (the Eskimo woman, Ada Blackjack) returned alive. Britain, as the Dominions Secretary, Mr. L. S. Amery, reminds us in his Foreword, has since waived its claim to the island. "But," he adds, "the conception which inspired the undertaking and the spirit of the brave youths who carried it out matter very much indeed to us as a nation and as an Empire." There are many good photographs and a map of the Northern Hemisphere.

At this point in my "debate" the guillotine descends, and I must reserve for a future notice several other interesting books, biographical and historical. Here I have only space to mention briefly their titles. "SMARANDA," by Lord Thomson of Cardington (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net); "THE TRAGIC ROMANCE OF EMPEROR ALEXANDER II.," by Maurice Paléologue (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d. net); "THE 3RD KING'S OWN HUSSARS," by Lieut.-Col. Walter Temple Wilcox, C.M.G. (John Murray; 18s. net); "A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE PIRATES," by Captain Charles Johnson, Vol. I. (The Cayne Press; 30s. net); and "THE RELIGIOUS MINORITIES IN TRANSYLVANIA," by Louis C. Cornish (Grant Richards; 5s. net).

C. E. B.



A TYROLESE MONUMENT WHICH IT WAS FALSELY RUMOURED THE ITALIANS INTENDED TO REMOVE: THE STATUE OF WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE AT BOLZANO (BOZEN), WHERE IT IS PROPOSED TO ERECT AN ITALIAN MEMORIAL TO CESARE BATTISTI.

In his recent speech on Southern Tyrol, Signor Mussolini alluded to "abominable slanders" in an "unscrupulous" German press campaign against Italy. "One of these slanders," he said, "was spread abroad when there was talk of removing the monument to Walter von der Vogelweide at Bolzano. We respect poetry, even when it is mediocre; we will leave Walter's monument in peace. But a memorial to Cesare Battisti will probably be erected in one of the squares of Bolzano by the Italian people. . . . sacred to the memory of all those other martyrs who have written the last word on the nationality of the Upper Adige in their life-blood." Subscriptions are being raised in Italy for the memorial. Herr Stresemann, in his reply to Signor Mussolini's remark that it was grotesque to put forward Walter von der Vogelweide as a rival to Dante, contended that poets should be valued according to the estimation of their own people.

is a model of plain, virile narrative, and is full of natural dialogue. At the end is his own sketch map of North-Western Arabia, showing his travels in Arabia from November 1876 to August 1878, and in the Peræa in May and June 1875.

Doughty's book naturally appealed deeply to a later English traveller of Arabian fame, Colonel T. E. Lawrence, whose exploits in the war earned him the sobriquet of the "uncrowned King of Arabia," but of whom not much has been heard of late years. I am under the impression, from my recollection of reviewing Mr. Lowell Thomas's book, "With Lawrence in Arabia," last June, that Colonel Lawrence was then reported to have written, but not published, some essay or introduction to "Arabia Deserta." As far as I know, this keenly anticipated work has not yet appeared, but surely now is the time for it. In the volume under notice, there is a short glossary of Arabic terms, but no index, and only one illustration.

IN PARLIAMENT WITH A PENCIL: SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE PERSONAL SIDE OF PARLIAMENT: SKETCH-PORTRAITS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We give here a further series of sketch-portraits made during debates in the House of Commons by our special artist, Mr. Steven Spurrier. Two occasions, it may be mentioned, are illustrated. The drawings in the upper half of the page relate to the Liberal amendment, moved by Sir John Simon, criticising the education policy of the Government. It was defeated by 284 votes to 135.

The drawings on the lower half of the page were made during the debate on February 15, when the House went into Committee of Supply on the Supplementary Estimates of the Civil Services and Revenue Departments, including the Board of Control (Lunacy and Mental Deficiency), the Stationery Office, the Office of Works, and the Mines Department of the Board of Trade.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: PERSONALITIES AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, LAFAYETTE, GILMAN, S. AND G., L.E.A., E. AND F., C.N., AND PHILLIP.



RETURNED UNOPPOSED AS M.P. (CON.) FOR CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY: MR. J. J. WITHERS, C.B.E.



A WELL-KNOWN NAVAL ENGINEER: THE LATE SIR GEORGE C. V. HOLMES.



THE NEW HEADMASTER OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE: MR. GEORGE C. TURNER, M.C.



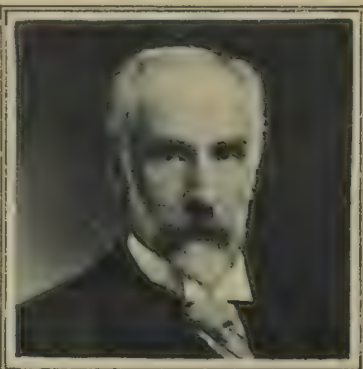
DONOR OF £2,000,000 FOR AN EGYPTIAN MUSEUM? MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JUN.



THE MEET OF THE OLD BERKELEY AT CHEQUERS, THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF BRITISH PRIME MINISTERS: MR. STANLEY BALDWIN WITH THE HOUNDS.



MASTER OF ST. CATHARINE'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: THE LATE BISHOP DRURY.



EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AT OXFORD: THE LATE MR. FRANCIS EDGEWORTH.



GREETING THE PLAYERS IN THE ENGLAND AND IRELAND "RUGGER" MATCH: MR. "TIM" HEALY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE IRISH FREE STATE.



A HISTORIC RESIDENCE TO BE SOLD, AND LIKELY TO BE PRESERVED ONLY IN PART: ORLEANS HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

Mr. Withers, who succeeds the late Mr. J. F. P. Rawlinson, K.C., is a Fellow of Saint Catharine's College, Cambridge, and a solicitor. He is a member of the Mount Everest Committee.—Sir George Holmes, who died on February 13, at the age of seventy-seven, was Secretary of the Institution of Naval Architects for twenty-three years, and then became Chairman of the Board of Public Works in Ireland.—Mr. Turner, a son of the late Bishop of Islington, became a house-master at Marlborough after distinguished service in the war.—It was reported the other day that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., had given £2,000,000 to King Fuad and the Egyptian people for the building and the maintenance of a



SCHEDULED AS AN "ANCIENT MONUMENT," AND SO SAVED TO THE NATION: THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BRIDGE AT STOPHAM, WEST SUSSEX.

new Museum and Archæological Institute in Cairo. Since then there has been a statement that Mr. Rockefeller had denied that he had completed such negotiations. Further news is awaited.—Bishop Drury, who became Master of Saint Catharine's College, Cambridge, in 1920, was formerly Bishop successively of Sodor and Man and of Ripon. He was seventy-eight.—Professor Edgeworth was eighty-one.—Orleans House, parts of which it is hoped to preserve, is to be sold in lots on March 3, for demolition. It was built by James Johnstone, Queen Anne's Secretary of State for Scotland, and takes its present name from Louis-Philippe, who bought the estate in 1800, when he was the Duc d'Orléans.

"THUNDER OF WATER" SILENCED BY FROST: NIAGARA IN WINTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, KADEL AND HERBERT, AND O. E. DUNLAP.



WITH THE ROARING CATARACT FROZEN INTO SILENCE AND CONVERTED INTO GIGANTIC ICICLES: THE FALLS OF NIAGARA IN THE GRIP OF KING FROST, AND HUGE MOUNDS OF ICE FORMED AT THE BASE—A GRAND SIGHT IN WINTER TIME.



NOW AN ICE-FIELD ON WHICH VISITORS CAN DISPORT THEMSELVES IN SAFETY: THE FROZEN RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.



CLIMBING AN "ICE MOUNTAIN" OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY: A WINTER SCENE AT THE FROZEN AMERICAN FALL AT NIAGARA.

NIAGARA is a grand sight at any time, but grandest of all, perhaps, when the gigantic cataract is in the grip of frost and snow, and converted into enormous icicles. The Falls were frozen a week or two ago, and one of our correspondents, who sends the above photograph of the Rapids turned into an ice-field, states that it is many seasons since the winter aspect of Niagara was so wonderful as it is this year. When the falls are

[Continued opposite.]



SHOWING HUGE ICE-MOUNDS AT THE BASE, AND ONE OF THE IRON BRIDGES OVER THE RIVER: NIAGARA FALLS FROZEN—THE CANADIAN SIDE FROM ABOVE.

[Continued.] frozen, great mounds of ice are formed at the base, and visitors are able to climb over them. The awe-inspiring sound which gave the cataract its name—"Thunder of Water"—is, of course, silenced, but as a spectacle the frozen falls are of incomparable beauty. In our issue of January 30, it may be recalled, we illustrated another aspect of Niagara, before the frost came, in photographs showing the falls illuminated at night by means of search-lights.

GREEK LEGEND IN CRETAN COINS: A MAGNIFICENT BEQUEST TO BRITAIN.

By COURTESY OF DR. G. F. HILL, M.A., F.B.A., KEEPER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COINS AND MEDALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



DATING FROM THE FIFTH TO THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.: SILVER COINS OF CRETAN CITIES, FROM THE SEAGER COLLECTION, BEQUEATHED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM—1. ARCADIA: ZEUS AMMON. 2 and 3. CHERSONESUS: ARTEMIS AND APOLLO. 4. PHÆSTUS: HERACLES AND THE HYDRA. 5, 7. CYDONIA: MÆNAD, AND KYDON SUCKLED BY A BITCH. 6. CNOSSUS: THE LABYRINTH. 8. LYTTUS: BOAR'S HEAD. 9. OLUS: ARTEMIS. 10, 11. SYBRITA: HERMES, AND HIPPOCAMP. (ALL ENLARGED 2 DIAMETERS.)

We are indebted to Dr. George F. Hill, of the British Museum, for these remarkably interesting illustrations, and for the following article thereon. "Even those," he writes, "to whom the attractive personality of the late Richard Berry Seager, the distinguished American excavator, was unknown, were, if they had any knowledge of Cretan archæology, familiar with his name as the explorer of more than one early site, which, though not so startling in its revelations as Cnossus, yet helped to complete the picture of Crete in Minoan times. That he was an enthusiastic collector of ancient Cretan coins was less known, and the terms of his will, by which, while his other antiquities go to the Metropolitan Museum of New York, the British Museum becomes possessed of his ancient coins, was a surprise to everyone, and to his many English friends a grateful testimony of his kindly feeling towards this country. Cretan coins are among the most interesting of the Greek series. From the artistic point of view they sometimes aim high, though they seldom achieve their ideal. But there is often a picturesque element in their design which is rare in other Greek coins, and seems to point to the influence of painting. The primitive deities of the island usually appear in a Hellenized aspect; we call the female head on coins of Chersonesus (Fig. 2) or of Olus (Fig. 9) Artemis, but it is just as probable that under that guise is concealed a much older conception, going back to the second millennium B.C., the nymph Britomartis, the 'sweet maid' of the woods and wilds. The Apollo, too, of Chersonesus (Fig. 3) is entirely Greek in conception, but on other coins of Crete he is found with purely local attributes. The Heracles of Phæstus is seen fighting the Lernaean hydra (Fig. 4), and the Hermes of Sybrita

appears with his usual attribute, the herald's wand (Fig. 10); but in the way they are represented—the one seen from behind, the other with his right leg foreshortened—there is just that picturesque touch which the expert recognises as foreign to the ordinary Greek series. The Mænad of Cydonia (Fig. 5)—a design of which the artist thought well enough to sign his name, Neuantos, in tiny letters behind the head—and the Zeus Ammon of Arcadia (Fig. 1) are less original; but if we ask what the god of the Libyan oasis is doing in Crete, we can only guess at an allusion to an obscure myth, according to which Ammon married Krete. Other legends find plentiful illustration on the coins; the Minotaur, of course, and, in conventionalised form (Fig. 6), his labyrinth; or less known allusions, such as that in the boar's head of Lyttus (Fig. 8—surely one of the ugliest of Greek coins) to the tale that Zeus was really a young hunter who was slain by a boar; or in the scene on Fig. 7 to the story that Kydon, the eponymous hero of Cydonia, was suckled by a bitch. The hippocamp of Sybrita in Fig. 11 is, however, not mythological in its reference; it probably alludes merely to the maritime activity of that city. And if it be objected that Sybrita lay in the heart of the Cretan mountains, we may reply that its territory must have extended to the sea, and that historians who realised this fact have sometimes wondered why there was nothing in its coinage to suggest that it had a port. Mr. Seager's coin, which is not only unique, but older than any other issue of the mint hitherto recorded, may well have been issued at the time when Sybrita first extended its commercial activities beyond its mountain territory."

In Colour-Photogravure: A Wood-Cut of Japan.

A COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE REPRODUCTION AFTER THE COLOUR-PRINT DESIGNED BY MISS ELIZABETH KEITH, AND CUT ON WOOD BY JAPANESE CRAFTSMEN.
ON EXHIBITION AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, BRUTON PLACE, W.



A 50-FOOT BRONZE BUDDHA DATING FROM 1252: THE DAIBUTSU, KAMAKURA.

Formerly the Buddha was enclosed in a large building, but tidal waves destroyed the structure, and the figure has been in the open since 1494.

Colour of the East: Peking Play, Korean Scholars, and a Cock-Fight Expert.

COLOUR-PHOTOGRAPHURE REPRODUCTIONS AFTER THE COLOUR-PRINTS DESIGNED BY MISS ELIZABETH KEITH, AND CUT ON WOOD BY JAPANESE CRAFTSMEN. ON EXHIBITION AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, BRUTON PLACE, W.



ENGAGED IN A PASTIME POPULAR WITH YOUNG AND OLD: A PEKING BOY
(IN FANCY DRESS) PLAYING WITH A PET BIRD.

Concerning these pictures, which, it will be remarked, are reproduced by our colour-photogravure process, the following notes are of interest.—Playing with pet birds is popular with both young and old in China.—The Wonsan scholar is wearing his out-of-doors dress. The fourth pupil, with the long plait of hair, is a bachelor. The custom of early marriage still holds in Korea, and the engaged boy, the bachelor boy, and the married boy wear distinctive dresses.—Cock-fighting is one of the chief sports of the Moros,



WITH PUPILS WHO INCLUDE ONE BACHELOR! A WONSAN SCHOLAR
AND HIS DISCIPLES, KOREA.

Mohammedans who once had a most unsavoury reputation as bloodthirsty pirates and slave-dealers. The boy wears the typical head-dress of the islands, a simple square of hand-woven cotton, or silk, skillfully twisted so that the ends stand up stiffly.—Other examples of Miss Keith's work—also reproduced by our colour-photogravure process—appeared in our issue of November 21st last, and attracted much attention.



WAITING FOR THE COCK-FIGHT: A MORO BOY,
OF LAKE LANAOU, IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Temple and Tea-House: Colour Wood-Cuts of the Far East.

COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE REPRODUCTIONS AFTER THE COLOUR-PRINTS DESIGNED BY MISS ELIZABETH KEITH, AND CUT ON WOOD BY JAPANESE CRAFTSMEN.
ON EXHIBITION AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, BRUTON PLACE, W.



PRESENTED TO THE PRIESTS BY THE EMPEROR CHIEN LUNG: A LAMA TEMPLE, PEKING.

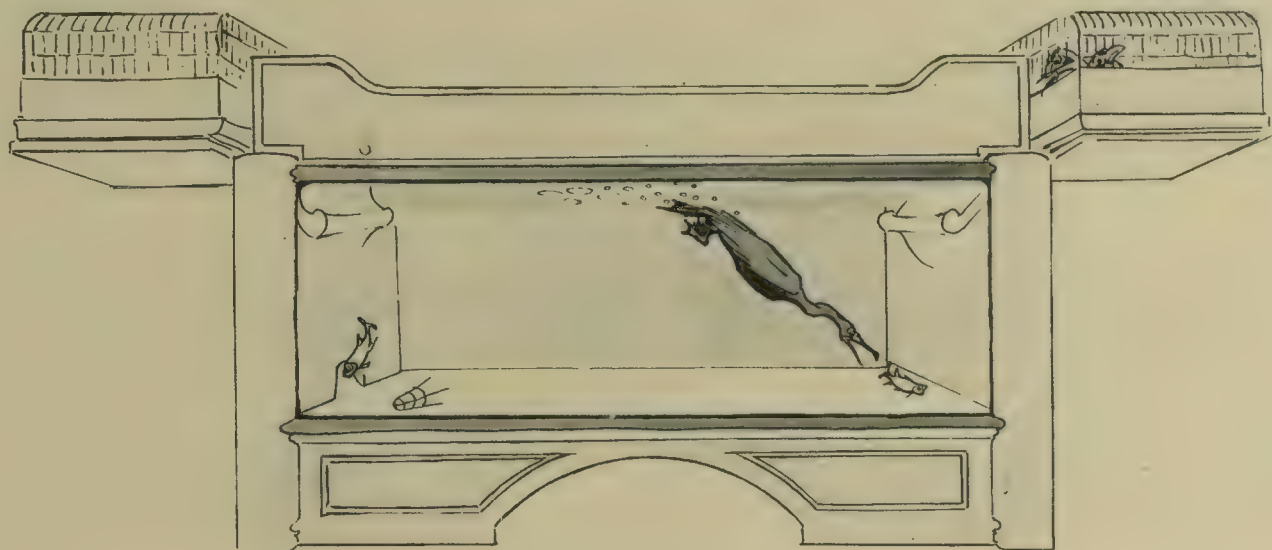
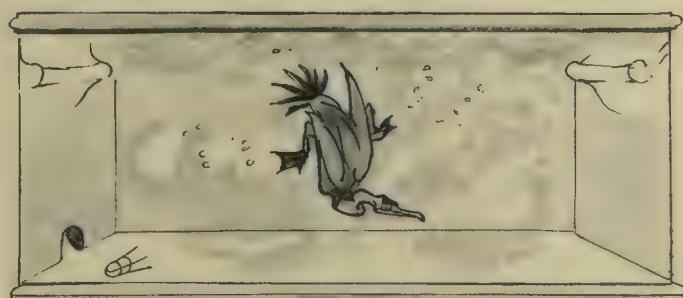
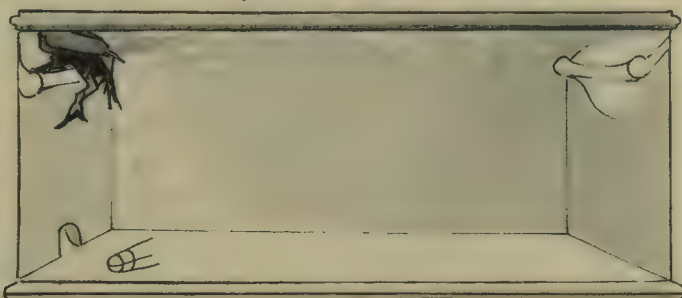
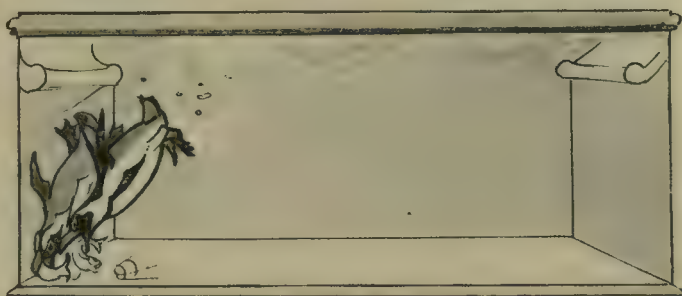
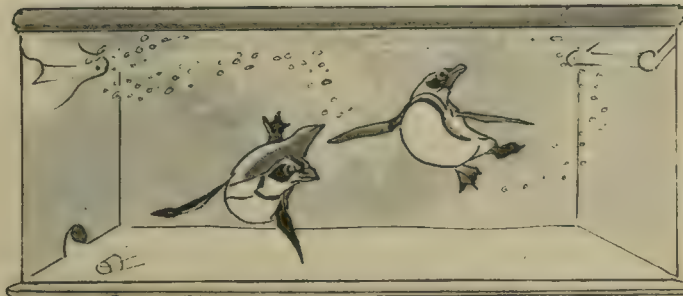
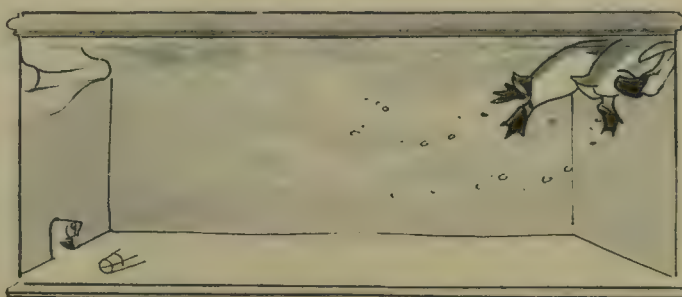


OF THE FAMILAR WILLOW-PATTERN FORM: A TEA-HOUSE IN THE NATIVE CITY, SHANGHAI.

The colour-prints by Miss Elizabeth Keith are considered to be the finest works of their kind since those of the golden period in Japan, the eighteenth century. Those reproduced are still on exhibition—with a number of others—at the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. VII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

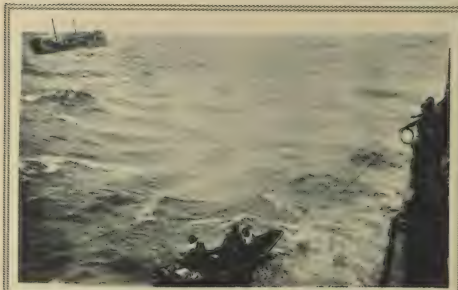
*"One more after this one."**"I'll be down in a jiff for the other fish. (Cormorants come to the surface to swallow their catch.)"**"Well, I could have sworn there was another one!"**"Time's up—I must clear out for the Penguins."**"Enter the Penguins for fish thrown in for their dinner."**Penguins gobble up the fish under water.**"Now where's the one the Cormorant missed?"**"He must have made a mistake—Time's up, out we go."**Epilogue.***"THE LITTLE FISH THAT WENT UP THE SPOUT": A TEMPORARY REPRIEVE FOR ONE COURSE OF THE CORMORANT'S DINNER.**

The scene of this little drama is the Diving Birds' House, and the principals are the common cormorant and black-footed penguins. "The diving birds," writes Mr. Shepherd, "are fed at 3.15 p.m. They can hear the pelicans being fed at 2.30 p.m. Nearly an hour to wait—how hard to bear! Lions and tigers are fed in winter at 3 p.m. Another fifteen

minutes—what agony! At last 3.15! And then to miss one! That a cormorant should leave a fish behind needs elucidation. It happened that the guard placed over the water-pipe became detached, and the little fish found sanctuary there. What a trial! The cormorants will have it in full view until 3.15 next day—and to be fastened in their cages!"

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF MEMORABLE EVENTS FAR AND NEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE, UNDERWOOD, C.N., PHOTOPRESS, L.N.A., TOPICAL SPORT AND GENERAL, ILLUSTRATED PRESS AGENCY, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO. THE GUTENBERG BIBLE ILLUSTRATION BY COURTESY OF MR. EDWARD GOLDSTON.



ANOTHER MID-ATLANTIC RESCUE: THE AMERICAN SHIP "CASPAR" (RIGHT) PICKING UP A BOAT FROM THE SINKING NORWEGIAN STEAMER "PINTO" (LEFT).



EQUIPPED WITH SAILING LIFE-BOATS THAT GIVE HER BOAT DECK AN ODD APPEARANCE: THE PACIFIC LINER "HARVARD," AT LOS ANGELES.



AFTER THIRTEEN OF THE CREW HAD BEEN TAKEN ABOARD THE AMERICAN STEAMER "CASPAR": THE NORWEGIAN STEAMER "PINTO" SINKING.



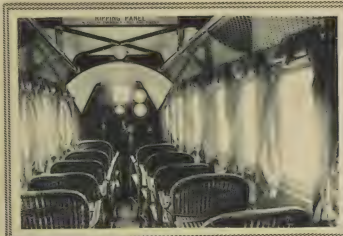
MADE TO SATISFY THE PREJUDICES OF PASSENGERS, BUT NOT REALLY NECESSARY: A DUMMY FUNNEL OF THE GREAT NEW R.M.S.P. MOTOR-LINER "ASTURIAS"—THE INTERIOR USED AS A STORE-ROOM.



EFFECTS OF A BLIZZARD IN THE BAY OF FUNDY OFF NEWFOUNDLAND: THE DECK OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMER "MONTCLAIR" COVERED WITH 3-INCH ICE AND 9-INCH SNOW.



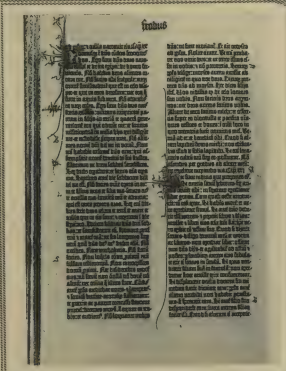
RECENTLY TESTED AT CRICKLEWOOD AERODROME: ONE OF FOUR NEW HANDLEY PAGE NAPIER AIR LINERS OF GIANTIC SIZE.



AS LARGE AS MANY A ROOM AND CONTAINING TEN ARM-CHAIRS—THE CABIN OF ONE OF THE NEW HANDLEY PAGE AIR LINERS.



WINTER SUN AND FROLIC ON THE RIVIERA: A DECORATED CAR INSURED "CANNEBAINT DE MER" IN THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION ON THE CROISSETTE AT CANNES.



FROM "THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK IN THE WORLD," RECENTLY SOLD IN NEW YORK FOR £21,200: A PAGE FROM THE MELK COPY OF THE GUTENBERG BIBLE OF 1455.



WITH HIS ARM STILL IN A SLING FROM THE EFFECTS OF HIS ACCIDENT: THE PRINCE OF WALES WATCHING THE TROY TOWN STEEPCHASE AT LINGFIELD.



A PICTURESQUE SHROVE TUESDAY CARNIVAL HELD AT BINCHE, IN BELGIUM: CHILDREN IN DECORATIVE COSTUMES WITH BASKETS OF ORANGES.



DATING FROM A FÊTE GIVEN IN 1540 BY MARIA OF HUNGARY TO CELEBRATE THE CONQUEST OF PERU: THE BINCHE CARNIVAL—REMARKABLE PLUMES AND COSTUMES.

The Norwegian steamer "Pinto" sank, during a recent gale, in the Atlantic, 135 miles from the coast of Norway. Her first S.O.S. call was picked up by the American steamer "Caspar," which arrived in time to rescue thirteen of the crew.—A new form of ship's life-boat, with sails, has been introduced in the Pacific liner "Harvard," whose boat-deck presents a curious appearance when the sails are hoisted. Our photograph shows her in dry dock at Los Angeles, California, where she was equipped with these boats.—The first of four new Handley Page Napier air-liners was tested at Cricklewood a few days ago by Mr. Hubert Broad, the Schneider Cup racing pilot.—The new R.M.S.P. "Asturias," the largest motor-liner in the world, has two big funnels, mainly in deference to the prejudice in their favour among passengers, although they are not required, and one is actually a "dummy," part of the interior being used as a store-room. The "Asturias" sails on her maiden voyage to South America on February 26.—The enormous sum of £21,200 was given by Mr. Abraham

Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible of 1455, at a recent auction sale in the Anderson Galleries, New York. The book was for 300 years in the Benedictine monastery of Melk, in Austria, and was bought last July by a London bookseller, Mr. Edward Goldston, of Museum Street, who flew to Vienna to complete the purchase, at a price, it is said, of over £10,000. The catalogue of the New York sale says: "The Gutenberg Bible is the first printed book in the world." Only forty-five copies are known, of which more than twenty are incomplete. The Melk copy is one of the most perfect.—At the Belgian town of Binche, in Hainault, a picturesque carnival is held every year on Shrove Tuesday, dating from a fête given in 1540 by Maria of Hungary to celebrate the conquest of Peru. The participants, clad in decorative costumes, with huge plumes in their hats, go about with baskets, full of oranges, with which, it is said, they pelt unsuspecting visitors.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAY WRIGHTSON, TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



RECENTLY DETAINED AT ELLIS ISLAND BY THE U.S. IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES: VERA COUNTESS CATHCART.



COMMUNISM AT OXFORD: MR. F. LEE (LEFT), MOVER AT THE UNION SOCIETY OF A RESOLUTION OF PROTEST AGAINST THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, WITH THE TWO UNDERGRADUATES IN QUESTION.



MUCH DISCUSSED IN CONNECTION WITH U.S. IMMIGRATION REGULATIONS: THE EARL OF CRAVEN.



THE PLAY THAT CAUSED A RIOT IN THE ABBEY THEATRE, DUBLIN: "THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS"—AN IRISH VOLUNTEER BROUGHT IN FATALLY WOUNDED.



AUTHOR OF "THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS" AND "JUNO & THE PAYCOCK": S. O'CASEY.



ANOTHER SCENE FROM "THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS"—A PLAY OF THE IRISH REBELLION: A BRITISH SOLDIER ARRIVES TO ARREST FOUR IRISHMEN (PLAYING CARDS).



REPLYING TO SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S SPEECH ON SOUTHERN TIROL: HERR STRESEMANN (BEFORE THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR) IN THE REICHSTAG.

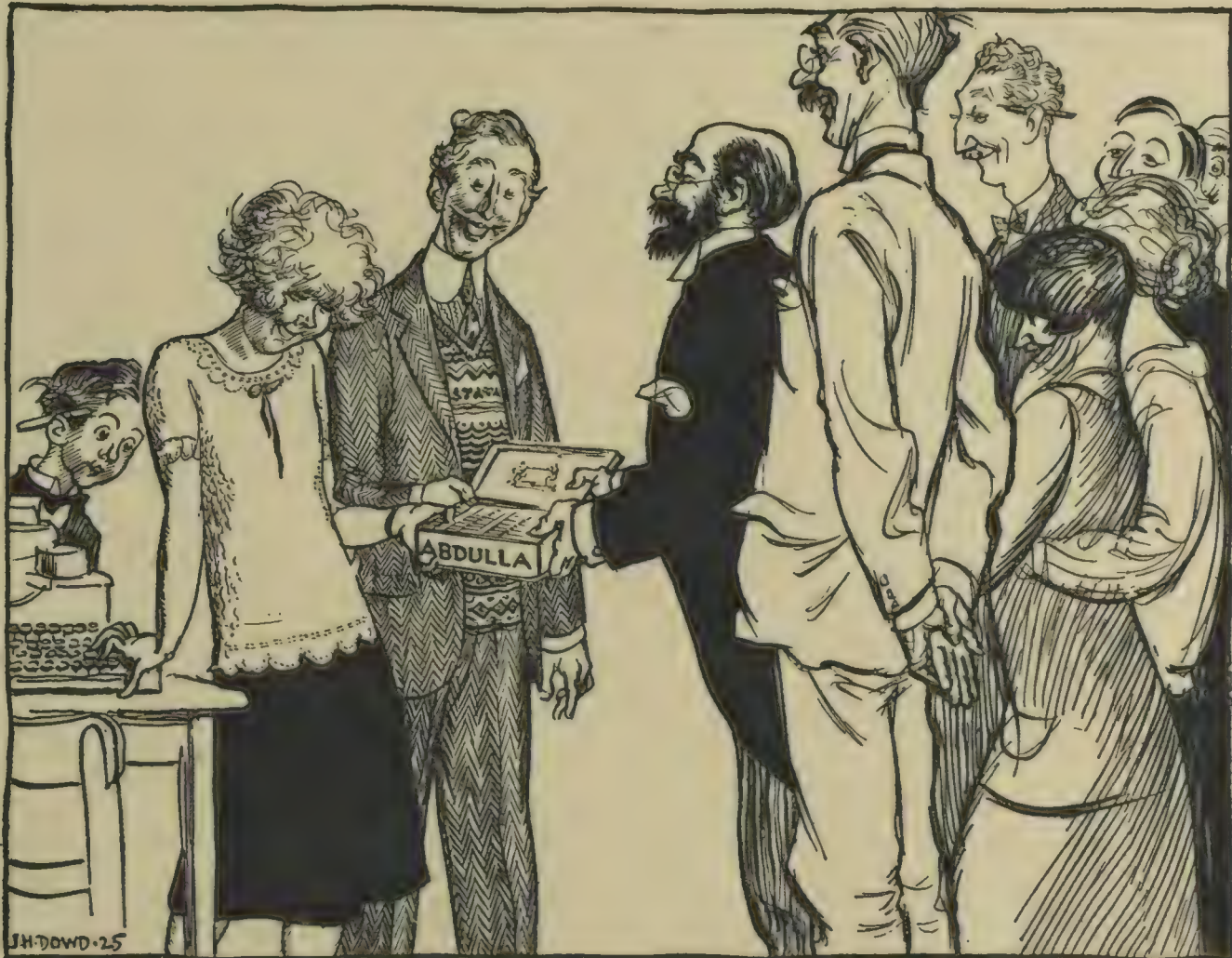


DESCRIBED AS THE WORLD'S RECORD CATCH OF SWORDFISH: ONE HUGE MONSTER AND SOME TWENTY-FIVE OTHERS TAKEN IN THREE HOURS IN THE GULF STREAM OFF KEY LARGO, FLORIDA.

The detention of Vera Countess Cathcart at Ellis Island, under the U.S. immigration laws, and the discussion regarding the previous admission of the Earl of Craven, aroused much interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Lord Craven avoided complications by leaving New York for Montreal.—At the Oxford Union Society recently Mr. F. Lee (Balliol) President of the University Labour Club, moved a protest against the Vice-Chancellor's action in restraining two undergraduates from Communistic propaganda. The motion was rejected by 403 to 367 votes. At a previous private meeting of the Society a similar motion of protest had been

carried.—A free fight took place in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, recently, during the performance of Mr. Sean O'Casey's new play, "The Plough and the Stars," dealing with the Irish Rebellion. Police were called in. Mr. O'Casey has made a notable success in London with his other play of Irish life, "Juno and the Paycock."—Herr Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, spoke in the Reichstag on February 9, in reply to Signor Mussolini's speech on Southern Tirol, and repudiated all idea of German intervention, declaring that the German people desired to live at peace with the Italians, as with other nations.

"IN THE CITY."



THE PRESENTATION.

Bunch the penwipers in posies !
Wreathe the typewriter with roses !
Miss Robinson—Stenographer—of Section D,
Is wedding Mr. Bunny from Department C ;
Their little home in Hornsey will be smart and gay
With a Hire Purchase vanload, and "The Stag at Bay."

Tot up columns with elation !
Clack the keys in exultation !
Mr. Bunny's saving, and looks brave though lean,
Miss Robinson is purchasing pink crêpe-de-Chine,
And the Office has contributed with heartfelt zest
To a Perfect Wedding Present—of Abdulla's Best.

—F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

VIRGINIA

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry (during his leave, which was up last week) enjoy greatly being at Craven Lodge, where they can hunt each day, being within reach of several crack packs. Even when his accident incapacitated him from hunting, the Prince went down to see his horses and be in an atmosphere of his favourite sport.



HOSTESS AT CRAVEN LODGE:
MRS. MICHAEL WARDELL.
Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

It occurred to Major Michael Wardell (known to his intimates as "Mike") to make of Craven Lodge a kind of club for those needing comfortable hunting quarters. His wife makes an excellent hostess; she is *petite*, pretty, and clever. The daughter of the late Sir Daniel Cooper, she married, first, Viscount Northland, who was killed in action early in the war. Two years later, she married the Hon. Geoffrey Mills, son of the first Lord Hillingdon. He died in the year of the marriage, and his widow married Major Michael Wardell, 10th Royal Hussars. Her elder son of her first marriage, Lord Northland, is in his thirteenth year. Mrs. Wardell is a good sportswoman and very popular. She has a younger son, the Hon. Edward Knox, also a schoolboy.

The wedding of Lady Margaret Scott to Lieutenant-Commander Geoffrey Hawkins, D.S.O., was the event of the week in Capetown. The Duchess of Buccleuch, with the bride and her sister, Lady Alice Scott, one of the bridesmaids, were the guests of the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, and of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, whose only daughter, Lady May Cambridge, was a bridesmaid. There were English guests in the persons of Mary Countess of Minto, who had recently visited her son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Francis Scott, at Kenya Colony. Lord Francis is an uncle of the bride. The Earl and Countess of Albemarle were also present. Miss Katilin Dawson, who has been much with Lady May Cambridge since her mother, Lady Elizabeth Dawson, died, was also a bridesmaid.

Miss Harrington Mann, whose engagement to the Marquess of Queensberry was recently announced, was a worker during the war with Lord Queensberry's only sister. She began as a nurse, and was afterwards a motor-driver for the Royal Air Force. Mrs. Harrington Mann, her mother, was Miss Florence Sabine Pasley, a member of the family of which Sir Thomas Sabine Pasley is head, and a cousin to Mr. Thomas S. H. Pasley, M.V.O., secretary to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and retired from being Paymaster in the Navy. Mr. Harrington Mann is a Scotsman, and a well-known artist. Lord Queensberry has one daughter by his previous



ENGAGED TO THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY: MISS CATHLEEN MANN, SECOND DAUGHTER OF MR. HARRINGTON MANN.

By the way, a full page photograph of Miss Mann appears in this week's "Sketch."

Photograph by Arbuthnot.

marriage. She was seven last December, when, with her father, she spent it and the Christmas holiday with her great-grandmother, Edith Marchioness of Queensberry. Lord Queensberry was thirty on the 17th of last month. The bride-elect has two sisters, is herself a talented artist, and hunts with the Bicester.

It does not often happen to a girl to be a bridesmaid twice within a week. Lady Lettice Lygon had this experience when she formed one of Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale's attendant train, and was also one of Lady Elizabeth Fremantle's bridesmaids. It would be a difficult matter to match her in height, for she is one of the tallest, if not quite the tallest, of the girls in society. She inherits good looks from both sides, for Earl and Countess Beauchamp are well endowed with them. Lady Lettice was a *débutante* of last year, and it is probable that her sister next in age, Lady Sibell, will be one this year. They are out-of-door girls and good sportswomen; they dance well, and greatly enjoy life. Their cousins, Lady Shaftesbury's girls, are often with them.



TWICE A BRIDESMAID DURING THE WEEK: LADY LETTICE LYGON.

Photograph by Yevonde.

things. Miss Mond is full of the joy of living, loves dogs and horses, and is a good sportswoman. Her parents believe that she has chosen well, and say that their prospective son-in-law is a fine fellow. The bride-elect's eldest sister, Viscountess Erleigh, is very keen and interested in child welfare, and has taken quite an outstanding part in promoting it. Her other sister is the wife of Sir Neville Pearson. Her only brother is married and has one son, who will be four in October.

On Tuesday a sale and entertainment for the Southern Irish Loyalists Relief Fund will attract a large number of sympathisers to 17, Grosvenor Place, lent by the secretary to the ladies' committee of the S.I.L.R.F., the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness, despite the fact that she is yet in bed recovering from illness. The plight of poor farmers whose all was destroyed in the troubles is pitiable, and the time now is when they want seed. The association is absolutely unpolitical and undenominational. More Roman Catholics are helped than Protestants, as it is the chief faith in the South and West. Many thousands have been relieved, chiefly through food tickets in Dublin itself. In country districts the distress of some families is almost beyond belief. Lord Danesfort will open the sale on Tuesday, and Susan Duchess of Somerset will reopen it on Wednesday; the Countess of Bandon and the Hon. Mrs. Brassey will have a remarkably well-stocked



ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN BUCKLAND: MISS NORA MOND, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF SIR ALFRED AND LADY MOND.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

produce stall; Priscilla Countess Annesley will sell many desirable things; the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava will be a stall-holder, helped by the Countess of Clanwilliam and the Dowager Countess of Antrim; Lady Wilson, widow of the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, will sell old furniture and

bric-à-brac, for which she has a flair, and some of which she picked up recently in Malta, and will be helped by Viscountess de Vesci and others. The entertainment will be wholly dramatic, as music might disturb an invalid in the house. The Misses Aileen, Maureen, and Oonagh Guinness are having a girls' stall which will be something of a novelty.

AN EXHIBITOR AT CRUFT'S DOG SHOW: MRS. DUDLEY COATS.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

after the very serious accident which kept her out of it all last season, was an exhibitor at Cruft's Dog Show. Her fancy is for Labrador retrievers; some of hers benched were beautiful. She is very pretty and attractive, as was always her mother, Mrs. Brinton, who, as Mrs. Willie James, was so great a favourite with the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra. She is a fearless cross-country rider, a beautiful dancer, and clever in many directions. She started a shop for dainty accessories to dress, and had a branch shop at Cowes last regatta week which was patronised by the Queen and by most of the smart women present. Thoroughly understanding the art of dress, and knowing exactly what suits her, she is a leader in her own style and always an observed personality wherever she may be.

She married, in 1922, Muir Dudley, son of Sir Stuart Auchincloss Coats, and has a son. The Coats family held important offices in Glasgow in the sixteenth century, when their name was spelt Coittis. Many members of this family entered the Church, and Sir Thomas Coittis was Prior of Blantyre in 1522. Mrs. Dudley Coats's brother is Edward Frank Willis James, of West Dean Park, Sussex, Lord of the Manors of West Dean and Binderton, and is a godson of the late King Edward. She has three married sisters: the eldest is Mrs. Henry Ralph Mowbray Howard; the second Mrs. Arthur Fawcus; and the third, Mrs. John Menzies Wilson.

Happily, the Hon. Agatha Beaumont is improving gradually after the very serious accident she had in the hunting field. The greatest sympathy is felt with the Dowager Viscountess Allendale, whose youngest child and only unmarried daughter she is. She was presented the season before last, and her mother took her out and was her constant companion. Her eldest sister is Viscountess Ebrington. She is fair, and possesses a charming smile and a delightful manner. She is a cousin of the Marquess of Londonderry and the Countess of Ilchester, and is a great favourite in the family.



VICTIM OF A HUNTING ACCIDENT: THE HON. AGATHA BEAUMONT.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

A. E. L.

1627



Greatest of the great Jones family

There is something a little droll to modern notions in calling a man named Jones the 'English Palladio'; but it was natural enough that Inigo Jones should have been so known to his contemporaries, for the very name of Andrea Palladio for them connoted the summit of architectural achievement.

This humble cloth-worker's son, humbly apprenticed to a joiner, was enabled by noble patronage to study art in Italy, and acquired a reputation as an architect so quickly that he was invited in his early thirties to Denmark by Christian IV; and thence in 1605 to the English court, where he finally became surveyor-general of royal buildings and, as designer of court masques, suffered sorely at the broadsword of Ben Jonson's satire.



By Appointment

It was in the third year of the first Charles that John Haig was first distilled. To-day John Haig occupies the same position among Scotch whiskies as did Inigo Jones among the architects of 1627.

John Haig

The Father of all Scotch Whiskies

Fashions and Fancies

THE THEATRE REFLECTS MODES AS WELL AS MORALS, AND MANY INTERESTING NEW FASHIONS

"No No Nanette" Introduces New Fashions.

There are very few people, I imagine, who have not revelled in the music and laughter at the Palace Theatre where "No No Nanette" pursues her gay career as triumphantly as ever. But, no matter how many times you have seen it, another visit is essential, for the entire company has been re-dressed by Reville, of Hanover Square, W., and presents an enthralling review of the coming fashions. Perhaps the most striking innovation is the amusing bustle bow frock (pictured on the centre of this page) worn by Miss Binnie Hale in the last act. The tight bodice is of silver lamé, and the apron skirt consists of two flounces of silver lace embroidered in diamanté and edged with tiny silver medallions. The flounces slant upwards at the back to meet the large bow of jade velvet lined with rose lamé, thus emphasising the nineteenth-century silhouette. This alliance of the Victorian mode and the modern ultra-short skirt is surprisingly attractive. In another act Nanette wears a simple little afternoon frock which is delightfully youthful. It is expressed in jade georgette trimmed with white crêpe de Chine finished with kingfisher blue, the long, tight bodice and sleeves offering an effective foil to the full godet skirt with its handkerchief draperies and velvet streamers fluttering from shoulder and waist.



Miss Binnie Hale, the vivacious heroine of "No No Nanette," is seen here wearing her new evening frock of silver lamé and lace completed with a sash and bustle bow of jade velvet lined with rose lamé. The entire company has been re-dressed by Reville, of Hanover Square, W.

ARE REVEALED ON THE STAGE WHERE "NO NO NANETTE" STILL HOLDS THE CENTRE.

and flaring silhouette. The chorus introduce many attractive affairs of this genre, a happy augury for our light summer dresses, the chief rival being the picture frock of taffeta, with its high waist and full crinoline skirts. The length is a little longer than in other frocks, and a tiny Eton collar of organdie adds to the demure effect which is so charming.

The Vogue for Tweed and Stockinette.

For sports suits and coats, the latest innovation is the alliance of tweed and stockinette. One fashionable three-piece model has a coat of brown tweed bordered with red and green checks, a skirt to match with the bright checks lining the box pleats and showing only as the wearer moves, and a stockinette jumper edged with the same part of the material. It is to be seen at Jay's, Regent St., W., where there are also effective jumper suits with skirts of tweed and jumpers of stockinette bound with the former, ranging from nine guineas. Another smart jumper suit in cherry stockinette, costing eight guineas, boasts a high collar which ties at the back and falls like a scarf; while a third is carried out in a new stockinette woven with a pattern in coloured wools. The coat jumper fastens with silver buttons from neck to hem, and the skirt is of plain stockinette with godets of the patterned fabric. The price is 5½ guineas.

A Lovely Evening Frock and Cloak.

Miss Irene Browne as Lucille, the wife who is exonerated from all blame of extravagance because she is always perfectly dressed, wears, naturally, exquisite toilettes. The photograph on the right can give no adequate idea of her wonderful evening cloak, for it is of gold shot ottoman lamé with the full godet sides richly embroidered by hand in cornelian coral and gold. The picturesque sleeves and the collar and hem are bordered with sable fox fur. Beneath this gorgeous wrap is a frock of gold guipure lace over gold shot ottoman lamé matching the coat. It is almost sheath-like in its slenderness from neck to hip, then flares slightly at the sides, leaving unbroken the straightness of the front and back. Another toilette which arouses much admiration is the three-piece ensemble pictured here. The frock is of pale cyclamen georgette with panels and hem in a deeper nuance lined with chiffon. The coat is of shaded georgette to match, hemmed with kolinsky fur, and introduces the fascinating wide sleeves which promise to be so much in vogue.

Variations of the Three-Piece Suit.

Three-piece ensembles in the lightest of colours for the spring and summer are well in evidence in Act 2. Miss Irene Browne wears white marocain trimmed with kingfisher blue. The frock is simple, with plain panels over a pleated skirt, encircled with a blue leather belt passed through beautifully embroidered slots; and the tailored coat of white face-cloth is quite straight-faced with deep revers of blue from neck to hem. Of quite a different genre is the diaphanous cloak and frock of Miss Bayfield, which forecasts an Ascot mode. Expressed in midnight-blue georgette lined with chiffon, the frock has a tight bodice and full skirt half veiled with floating draperies, while the cloak is bordered with small flounces. Miss Joan Barry wears a study in the shade of Parma violet which is already a great success on the Riviera. The frock and coat are of marocain, introducing at each side just above the knee loose panels and draperies of chiffon, making an effective compromise between the straight



Miss Irene Browne in a fascinating three-piece ensemble of shaded cyclamen georgette, trimmed with kolinsky fur, introducing the new wide sleeves.



A beautiful evening coat worn by Miss Irene Browne of gold shot ottoman lamé, the side-panels hand-embroidered in cornelian coral and gold and hemmed with deep borders of sable fox fur.



THE glorious health which this pretty little maiden enjoys is greatly due, in her mother's opinion, to "Ovaltine" being her daily beverage.

Little Norah is passing through those growing years of childhood which are of such great importance. Then are laid those foundations of good health which will determine the health to be enjoyed from adolescence to old age.

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P. 368

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THE HEIKUM BUSHMEN OF THE KALAHARI.

(Continued from Page 312.)

treasured relics of bygone thefts or of desert finds. In regions where water is more than usually scarce, the precious liquid is carried from place to place in ostrich-egg shells. When the Bushman finds a pool of water, he will insert, below the surface scum and dirt, one end of his drinking reed and suck up the moisture. If he has to dig for the liquid, the same procedure is followed. Sometimes he will suck at his reed so vigorously that blood issues from his nose and ears.

Habitations, even the rude kraals as the Bantu know them, are outside the Heikum Bushman's scheme of life. In parts of the Kalahari, it is true, he will tie bush, grass, or weeds together in a vague sort of way, but this cannot by any stretch of imagination be called a hut. Nor does he seek to cover

himself in the bitterly cold weather so often experienced in the Capricorn meridian. Frosty nights find both sexes and all ages huddled together under a few odd rags or skins, and in hot weather the Bushman will dig himself into the sand and lie all day with only his head exposed. The Kalahari Bushmen wander round, not in tribes or families, but in bunches of five or six, knowing nothing of religion and marriage—and caring less. They recognise no king or headman, and no form of government, whether civilised or uncivilised.

Natives of other tribes with whom they have occasionally come in contact have always looked upon them as animals, no more to be regarded as human than the jackal or the carrion bird of prey. In one thing, however, the Bushman of to-day differs from many of his Bantu neighbours of yesterday—he has never been known to practise cannibalism. Snakes he will eat with relish; and spiders and caterpillars and the multitudinous "gogga" of the veld are fair game and good food to his mind; but these queer people will not eat one another or "put away" old and useless members of the tribe, except in particularly bad times of famine. Their most barbarous custom is to bury infants at the breast alive with their parent when the mother dies.

They are credited with extraordinary longevity, and are possibly the longest-lived race on earth. One Heikum Bushman the Denver Expedition came across in the Etosha Pan encampment may be the oldest man in Africa. Friends of his known to

be eighty-five years of age affirm that this man was old when they were boys! During the period of ecstasy produced by a full stomach the Bushman will chant strange



FLOWERS AND SUNSHINE "WHERE THE REMOTE BERMUDAS RIDE":
A FIELD OF EASTER LILIES IN A MID-ATLANTIC RIVIERA.

Bermuda, which has been called "a British Riviera in mid-Atlantic," is an ideal place for a winter holiday. These beautiful islands, with their crystal caves, coral reefs, lagoons, and groves of palm and cedar, have an equable climate, and offer many facilities for sport. The traveller enjoys every comfort both on board ship and at the hotels. Full information may be obtained of the Bermuda Trade Development Board, 51, Chancery Lane.



IN THE BEAUTIFUL ISLANDS THAT ARE AN IDEAL PLACE FOR WINTER HOLIDAYS: AN OLD-TIME DWELLING IN BERMUDA.

melodies, and scrape on a one-stringed instrument bearing a far-away resemblance to the viola. Crouched on his haunches with this primitive wooden object tucked beneath a skinny shoulder, he will play from dawn to dusk.

The expedition also took as a subject for investigation the engravings which are found on exposed dolerite boulders of the Kalahari Desert, but the Bushman disclaimed all knowledge of them, nor did he seem to find time or the means to engrave himself. The American members of the Denver African Expedition left Capetown on Jan. 22 for the United States, travelling via the East Coast of Africa to take films of Zanzibar, Mombasa, and Kenya Colony. Their film of the Heikum Bushmen, which is over six miles in length, will be shown in America and Great Britain soon after Mr. Hoefler's arrival in Hollywood. It will be a unique picture in every way, and will give the English-speaking people of two continents a remarkably fine conception of the world's most primitive race.

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OLD CRAFT SERIES No 20

HURDLE-WORK played an important part in roofing for neolithic man's pit dwelling. Remnants of 'wattle and clay' walls belonging to the Early Iron Age have been found in England. Even so late as during the Roman occupation ordinary houses were made almost entirely of hurdle-work, and to the end of the Middle Ages it was used in one form or another in building.

Some of the first churches were built round hurdle-work frames; and it is related that a 10th century Welsh king, in building himself a glorious palace, used hurdle-work.

Fences and sheepfolds still are made by hurdlers, though wire-work is superseding the woodland craft.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Road Fund. Last week's protest meeting against the projected raid on the Road Fund does not appear to have been altogether a success. Lord Derby had been asked to preside, and in the result I should say he must have smiled to himself as he accepted the invitation. It will be remembered that his brother, Sir Arthur Stanley, who is Chairman of the R.A.C., rather gave the show away a few weeks ago when he conceded the Chancellor's point that no sums of money derived from a specific source of tax-yield could for ever remain sacrosanct because of pledges given when the tax was formulated. It might reasonably have been expected that Lord Derby, therefore, would in all probability share this opinion, and it seems to have been something in the nature of an error in tactics to ask him to take the chair at the protest meeting. However that may be, he certainly went contrary to the spirit in which the protest had been conceived, for he went all out for the Chancellor's contention that the produce of the motor taxes cannot for all time be reserved altogether for highway purposes. The cat was put well and truly among the pigeons, and I cannot see what really useful purpose has been served by the meeting.

It looks to me as though the fight against the raid is a hopeless one. Not that I would advocate giving it up until the raid is sanctioned by Parliament. One never knows what may happen when a battle is still

on; but I do think the motorists' party would be better advised to keep more in the forefront the distinct pledge given that when the revenue of the Fund exceeded eight millions annually some relief would be given to the taxpayer. That figure has not only been passed, but more than twice the amount is being collected now, and during the next financial year it is estimated that the yield will approach three times the basic figure. Yet we hear nothing about the pledge being redeemed. We may perhaps concede the point that this tax cannot for ever be reserved to road purposes, because, admittedly, circumstances change; but the pledge to which I have referred depended upon one circumstance only—that the amount collected should be a net eight millions. That condition having been fulfilled, what is there to stop the Government redeeming the pledge and giving relief to the motoring taxpayer? Nothing, so far as I can see, save the natural disinclination of the politician to regard such pledges seriously. More ought to be made of this aspect of the case.

**From the Cape to
Cairo by Car.**

It certainly does not seem to be nearly two years since I was one of the party which assembled to bid farewell to Major and Mrs. Court Treatt when they set out upon their great adventure of traversing the length of Africa by motor-car. Yet it is almost so long ago, and here they are, back from the enterprise with all the laurels of success thick about them.

I was at the "welcome home" dinner given to them and their companions last week at the R.A.C.; but, thanks to the shocking acoustics of the Great Gallery and the place in which I was seated, I, like many others, was able to catch only an occasional word of the intrepid explorer's speech, in which, I understand, he told the audience something about the hardships and difficulties of the journey of twelve thousand miles which this epic "end-to-end" trip entailed. However, I suppose we shall before long be given a full narrative of the trip from his pen, and then we shall know more about it all. I should say that not the least proud man in the Great Gallery that night was Sir William Letts, who is the managing director of the famous firm of Crossley Motors, two of whose cars were used in creating the new record. Not only did the cars come through the test with flying colours, but they are even now running as though they were good for another twelve thousand miles of African bush and desert.

**A British
Grand Prix.**

Having failed to get the Bill authorising motor road-racing in England through Parliament, the R.A.C. has done the next best thing to promoting a road race by organising a race at Brooklands under the name of the British Grand Prix. It will be one of five international races which will count towards the championship of the world, the final race in which will be run at Monza. The race is to be held on

August Bank Holiday, over a distance of three hundred miles, and is open to cars with engines whose cylinder capacity does not exceed 1500 c.c. The winner will receive £1000, the second £300, and the third £200. No mechanics may be carried, but the cars must be two-seaters of a certain minimum width and of a minimum weight of 700 kilos without ballast. Of course, the track will be "made up" into the nearest possible imitation of a road race track, so that the race itself ought to be a very attractive spectacle for those who like that sort of sport—and they are many. It will certainly do one thing which has never materialised before, and that is it will bring over all the leading Continental racing cars and drivers, because of the proviso that this race will count towards the coveted world's championship. All motorists of a sporting turn of mind will therefore enter the date in their diaries as one to be remembered.

**More Police
Irritation.**

What on earth is the reason for the recently issued police regulation that all cars parked at night must have side and tail lamps lighted? It is perfectly understandable that the two end cars of a rank should be lit up; but where there is a whole line, I fail to see what good end is to be achieved by making them all carry the whole of their regulation lights. If the outside side-lamp were required to be lit, I could also understand it, since it would make for traffic safety and preclude all chance of parked cars being run into sideways in the dark. Can it be that the police are irritated by the result of a recent absurd case in which a motorist was summoned for leaving his car with only the tail lamp alight? It came out in evidence that the car had been left in a yard, with the radiator close up to a blank wall. Quite reasonably, the owner thought there could be no necessity to waste current by having the lights going, but the police thought otherwise, and issued a summons, which was dismissed as frivolous. It would seem that the new regulation covers a case like this. What a pity the police do not turn a little of the attention they give to motorists to the real criminals, who seem to carry out their nefarious practices almost with impunity.

**A New Safety
Glass.**

A new safety glass, called "Safetex," has just been introduced, and looks to me like a good thing. Essentially it seems to be not unlike a familiar safety glass which has been before the public now for a number of years. That is to say, it consists of two

[Continued overleaf.]

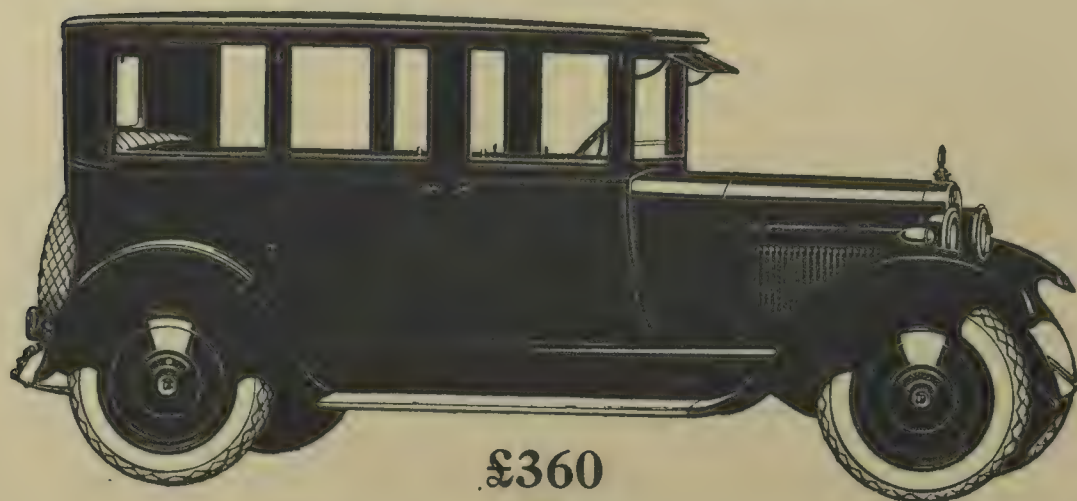
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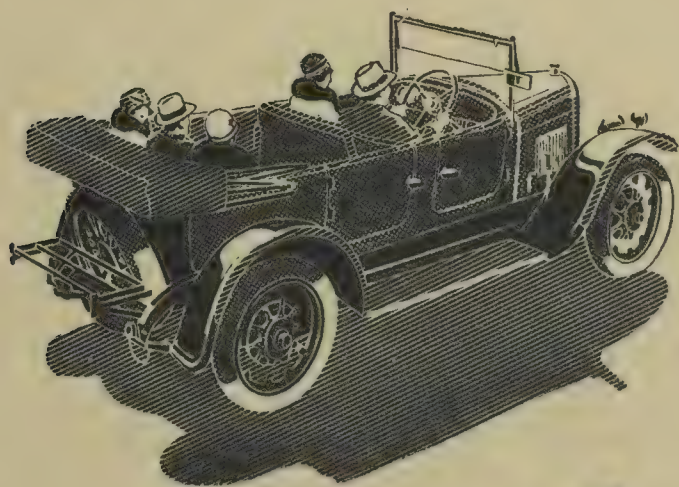
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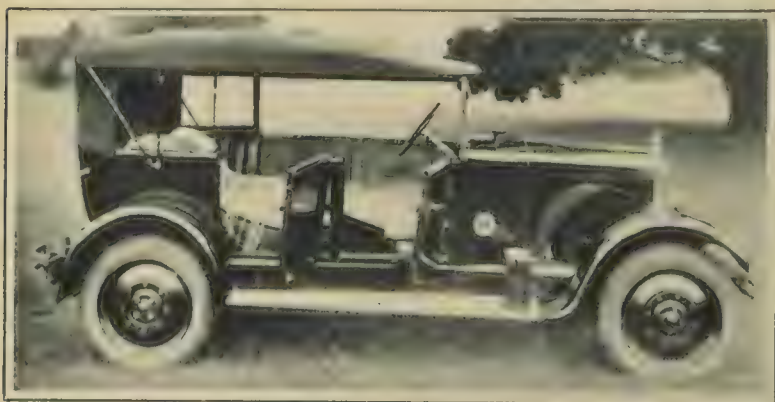
sheets of glass with a sheet of some material like celluloid cemented between them. It is made by a process which is known only, I am told, to the

because there is no branch of engineering in which theory and practice so often seem to conflict as in the design of the motor-car. As a matter of fact, from the point of view of the pure engineering theorist, the motor-car is wrong from beginning to end. Yet it functions quite reasonably well, in spite of theory. Again, reverting to four-wheel brakes, there is the question of which should do the maximum work of retardation, front or rear? Once more, this is indeterminate, as witness the fact that in some cars as much as sixty per cent. of the load is placed on the rear-wheel brakes, and only forty per cent. on the front. In others the proportions are exactly reversed; while, to go further, there are all

sorts of freak ideas in vogue. I have heard it averred that front wheel brakes ought to take no more than ten per cent. of the braking stress—which is absurd. W. W.

In order to stimulate interest in the nation's collection of art treasures, the authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum have begun the issue, under the authority of the Board of Education, of a delightful series of paper-covered booklets, dealing with various classes of exhibits. They are called Picture Books, and the first four are devoted respectively to English Alabaster Carvings, English Porcelain Figures, English Miniatures, and English Chairs. Each Picture Book contains a short historical account of the particular craft, with twenty pages of illustrations beautifully printed in photogravure. The price is only

sixpence each, or sevenpence including postage. These booklets will form interesting souvenirs and useful aids to students and collectors. Four more, we learn, will be issued shortly. The Victoria and Albert Museum, it may be recalled, has also published, through the Stationery Office, illustrated records of its important collections on a larger scale. Thus we have the Catalogue of Japanese Lacquer, in two parts—I. General (paper, 5s. net; with postage, 5s. 6d.; cloth, 7s. 6d.; with postage, 8s. 3d.), and II. Medicine Cases (paper, 4s. net; with postage, 4s. 6d.; cloth, 6s. 6d.; with postage, 7s. 3d.); also the Catalogue of Chinese Lacquer (paper, 2s. net; with postage, 2s. 3d.; cloth, 3s.; with postage, 3s. 4½d.). Both these excellent catalogues have been edited by Lieut.-Colonel Edward F. Strange, who is Keeper of the Department of Woodwork. All these publications may be obtained from the Museum, or H.M. Stationery Office, or through any bookseller.



SOLVING THE HOTEL PROBLEM: A 14-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY CAR CONVERTED INTO A DOUBLE BED FOR CAMPING OUT.

firm making the glass in question, and has the merit of being much cheaper than the better-known glass to which reference has been made. That will be good news. Every prudent motorist would, if he could, have his car equipped with safety glass, but the cost has hitherto been practically prohibitive to the man of modest means. For instance, the difference in the cost of ordinary plate and safety glass has hitherto been something like £45 in the case of a saloon car—which is a lot of money to most people. One would not mind paying an extra £15, or even £20 extra, for the added safety, but there are obvious limits to the average man's capacity to pay.

A Four-Wheel Braking Point. I heard a very interesting discussion the other day among a group of experienced motorists as to which ought to come on first, front or rear brakes. The majority held that it is desirable that the rear brakes should have a slight "lead" over the front, but others held vehemently to the opposite view. The only answer I could make when the matter was referred to me was that, although theory could be quoted on either side, the general practice of car manufacturers was to give the rear brakes the lead referred to. I never theorise about motor-cars,



A 14-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY AS A SLEEPING CAR: A COUCH FOR A THIRD PASSENGER ARRANGED ON THE RUNNING-BOARD AND DETACHABLE FRONT SEAT.

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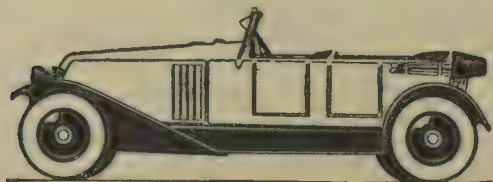
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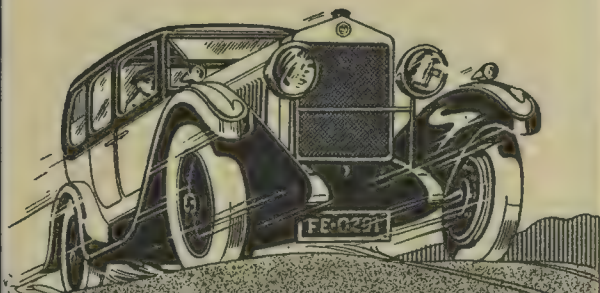
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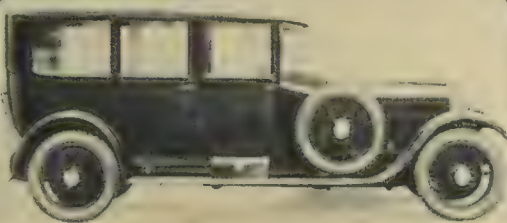
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Here are further extracts from "The
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE LIFE OF WAGNER.

THE publication of a new edition of Mr. Ernest Newman's "Wagner as Man and Artist," gives everyone an opportunity of acquiring this fascinating book, which, indeed, is indispensable to all who



QUARTERED IN "ROCK VILLA," RAILED OFF FROM THE OLDER FOLK IN "COSY NOOK": FAVOURED NEWCOMERS AT THE "ZOO"—BABY BEAVERS FROM CANADA WITH THEIR KEEPER, BEFORE THE REFILLING OF THE POND.

This pair of pretty young Canadian beavers, who recently arrived at the "Zoo" from Toronto, settled down comfortably in the large beaver pond near the Parrot House. In case the four old beavers already there should regret the intrusion, part of the pond was railed off, and the newcomers got the best quarters, an underground abode known as "Rock Villa," while the veterans had to crowd into a hole called euphemistically "Cosy Nook." They immediately began tunnelling operations with a view to a closer inspection of the intruders.—[Photograph by C.N.]

wish to have a true and ungarbled account of the life of the composer. The first edition was published more than ten years ago, and in the interval a fair amount of new material—letters and other documents—has come to light, and Mr. Newman has accordingly "not only expanded but drastically revised" the text at various points. The present edition also is greatly enhanced by some excellent illustrations, including several rarely seen photographs of Wagner, perhaps the most interesting being the one taken of the composer in Paris in 1861, when Wagner was forty-eight years old. This photograph reveals the Machiavellian side of the great man, for nobody, looking at it closely, could fail to see the mingled keenness, astuteness, and suspiciousness of its expression. In fact, this was precisely the time when Wagner wrote his famous letters to Hornstein—surely the most extraordinary letters ever written by a great artist who was, when he wrote them, regarded by the world as a failure.

DEAR HORNSTEIN [writes Wagner from 10, Quai Voltaire, on Dec. 12, 1861].—I hear that you have become rich. In what a wretched state I myself am you can easily guess from my failures. I am trying to retrieve myself by seclusion and a new work. In order to make possible this way to my preservation—that is to say, to lift me above the most distressing obligations, cares and needs that rob me of all freedom of mind—I require an immediate loan of ten thousand francs. With this I can again put my life in order and again do productive work. It will be rather hard for you to provide me with this sum; but it will be possible if you wish it and do not shrink from a sacrifice. This, however, I desire, and I ask it of you against my promise to endeavour to repay you in three years out of my receipts.

Now let me see whether you are the right sort of man! If you prove to be such for me—and why should not this be expected of someone some day?—the assistance you give me will bring you into very close touch with me, and next summer you must be pleased to let me come to you for three months at one of your estates, preferably in the Rhine district.

I will say no more just now. Only as regards the proposed loan I may say that it would be a great relief to me if you could place even six thousand francs at my disposal immediately; I hope then to be able to arrange to do without the other four thousand francs until March. But nothing but the immediate provision of the whole sum can give me the help which I so need in my present state of mind. Let us see, then, and hope

that the sun will for once shine a little on me. What I need now is a success; otherwise—I can probably do nothing more!

Yours, RICHARD WAGNER.

Hornstein refused, and said that the tone of the letter, and the fact that he knew he had to deal with "a bottomless cask," and that Wagner had bled numbers of people for large sums, made refusal easier. Nevertheless, he replied in courteous tone, whereupon Wagner wrote him an insulting letter. This letter is so extraordinary that I must quote it—

PARIS, Dec. 27th, 1861.

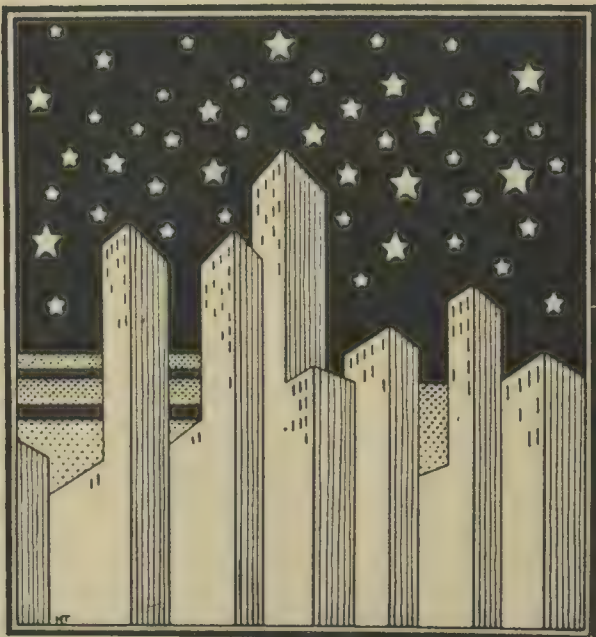
DEAR HERR VON HORNSTEIN,—It would be wrong of me to pass over without censure an answer such as you have given me. Though it will probably not happen again that a man like me [*ein Mann meines Gleichen*] will apply to you, yet a perception of the impropriety of your

[Continued overleaf.]



DOGS TO BE AUCTIONED FOR THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL: YOUNG SEALYHAMS—"BENEFACITOR" AND "JOY"—PRESENTED BY PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught are presenting this fine pair of young Sealyham terriers, named "Benefactor" and "Joy," to be auctioned at a dog show which will be held at the Crystal Palace on March 3 and 4, in aid of the Middlesex Hospital Reconstruction Fund.—[Photograph by Fox Photos.]



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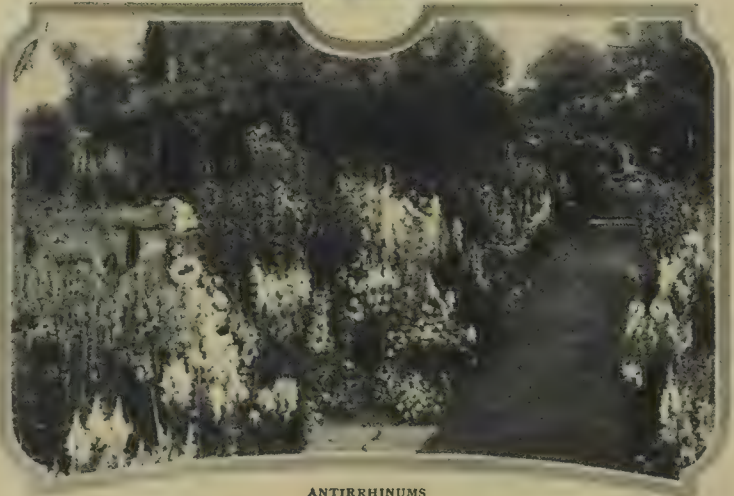
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(Continued.)

letter ought of itself to be a good thing for you. You should not have presumed to advise me in any way, even as to who is really rich; and you should have left it to myself to decide why I do not apply to the patrons and patronesses to whom you refer. If you are not prepared to have me at one of your estates, you could have seized the signal opportunity I offered you of making the necessary arrangements for receiving me in some place of my choice. It is consequently offensive of you to say that you will let me know when you will be prepared to have me. You should have omitted the wish you express with regard to my *Tristan*; your answer could only pass muster on the assumption that you are totally ignorant of my works. Let this end the matter. I reckon on your discretion, as you can on mine.

Yours obediently, RICHARD WAGNER.

It is difficult to blame Wagner for such behaviour in the light of subsequent events, for it is a fact that, if Wagner had not been able to borrow money all through his life, we should never have had the pleasure of hearing the "Ring," "Tristan und Isolde," "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal." These operas have, since they were written, earned enormously more money than Wagner's total expenditure during his whole life—to say nothing of the pleasure, delight, and stimulation they have given to hundreds of thousands of people. From a purely financial point of view, the world is Wagner's debtor, and when we take other benefits into consideration we have to admit that there have been few men in the history of the world who have better deserved to be described as "gentlemen"—according to Mr. Bernard Shaw's excellent definition of a gentleman as a man who gives more than he receives, who dies leaving the world in his debt.

The additions to Mr. Newman's extraordinarily interesting "Life" of Wagner are chiefly on the Laussot affair and on the subject of his parentage. Mr. Newman makes it clear that the love affair with Jessie Laussot was much more serious than Wagner lets us believe in "Mein Leben." Even now the real facts are not fully known, but perhaps when Mme. Cosima Wagner dies, and the secrets of "Wahnfried" are disclosed—if they ever are disclosed—we shall know a great deal more about this and other matters. But years after the conclusion of the affair we find Wagner enquiring about Jessie Laussot, and it is certain that it was only an "accident" that

he did not elope with her to the East. It is probable that the explanation which Mr. Newman puts forward as to why Jessie Laussot gave up Wagner is the true one—namely, that Minna, Wagner's wife, sent the letter in which he said he was not separating from her, but only cutting himself adrift from Europe, to Jessie Laussot, and that Jessie Laussot did not love Wagner enough to take any risks with a man who wanted more than one woman in his life.

Wagner was extremely susceptible to women. He declared in one of his self-revelatory outbursts that he disliked men, and that they meant nothing to him. What he really meant was that they meant nothing to him while he lacked a woman who understood and loved him, for he was very sociable and exceptionally good company, and always had devoted men friends.

On the subject of Wagner's parentage, Mr. Newman is still doubtful. The evidence, which he marshals with extraordinary skill, is inconclusive. But if Geyer, and not Wagner, was the real father of Richard Wagner, which is still very doubtful, it does not mean that Wagner was even half a Jew. For Geyer had little, if any, Jewish blood in his veins, being descended from a long line of middle-class Germans, all of evangelical faith, many of them Protestant church organists and all of them having been married to "maidens of unimpeachable German extraction." However, we shall no doubt know the truth of this matter when Frau Cosima Wagner dies, if, indeed, it is known to anyone. It is quite possible that Wagner himself did not know, and that he amused himself in imagining at times that Geyer was his true father, and at other times that he was really the son of Wagner, the Leipzig official. The subject is not, indeed, of great importance. It would have been of much more significance had Geyer been a Jew; but even then the racial speculations that it would have given rise to would not lead anywhere.

Mr. Newman's "Life" gives us a sufficiently complete and vivid portrait of the man to satisfy all normal curiosity. His analysis both of the man and the artist is singularly just, and we rise from his book feeling that we have been in close contact with one of the most extraordinary and one of the greatest men that this world has ever seen. W. J. TURNER.

WOOD-CUTS OF THE FAR EAST IN COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHURE.

IN this number we reproduce, by our special process of colour photographure, a second series of Miss Elizabeth Keith's remarkable wood-cuts in the Japanese manner, depicting scenes of the Far East. The first series appeared in our issue of Nov. 2 last, and attracted widespread interest. Miss Keith, who is one of the best-known English women in the East, has revived the exquisite art of Japanese colour-printing, which reached its zenith in the eighteenth century, but had since degenerated. The technical side has survived, but the artist designer has been lacking of late, and this deficiency Miss Keith has now supplied. Her work is considered to be the finest of its kind since the golden period of the Japanese colour-print, and the examples we have reproduced fully support this claim. The originals are still on exhibition, along with a number of others, at the Beaux Arts Gallery, in Bruton Place.

In connection with the photographs of the Naga head-hunters reproduced in our issue of Feb. 13, our readers will be interested to know that Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are issuing a series of monographs on the Naga tribes on behalf of the Assam Government, among those already published being "The Naga Tribes of Manipur," by T. C. Hodson; "The Lushei-Kuki Clans," by Lieut.-Col. J. Shakespear; "The Sema Nagas," and "The Angami Nagas," by Dr. J. H. Hutton; "The Lhota Nagas" and "The Ao Nagas," by J. P. Mills.

Debrett's "House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" for 1926 is now on sale. It is not only a complete Parliamentary guide, giving full biographical and polling statistics, an abridged Peerage, a list of the Members of the Privy Council, and explanations of technical Parliamentary expressions; but includes the Judicial Bench of England, Scotland, the Irish Free State, Northern Ireland, and the Dominions and Colonies. In all sections there have been innumerable alterations and additions in the course of the past year, and the work is an invaluable one to those who require a compact yet complete book of reference.

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"THE FIREBRAND." AT WYNDHAM'S.

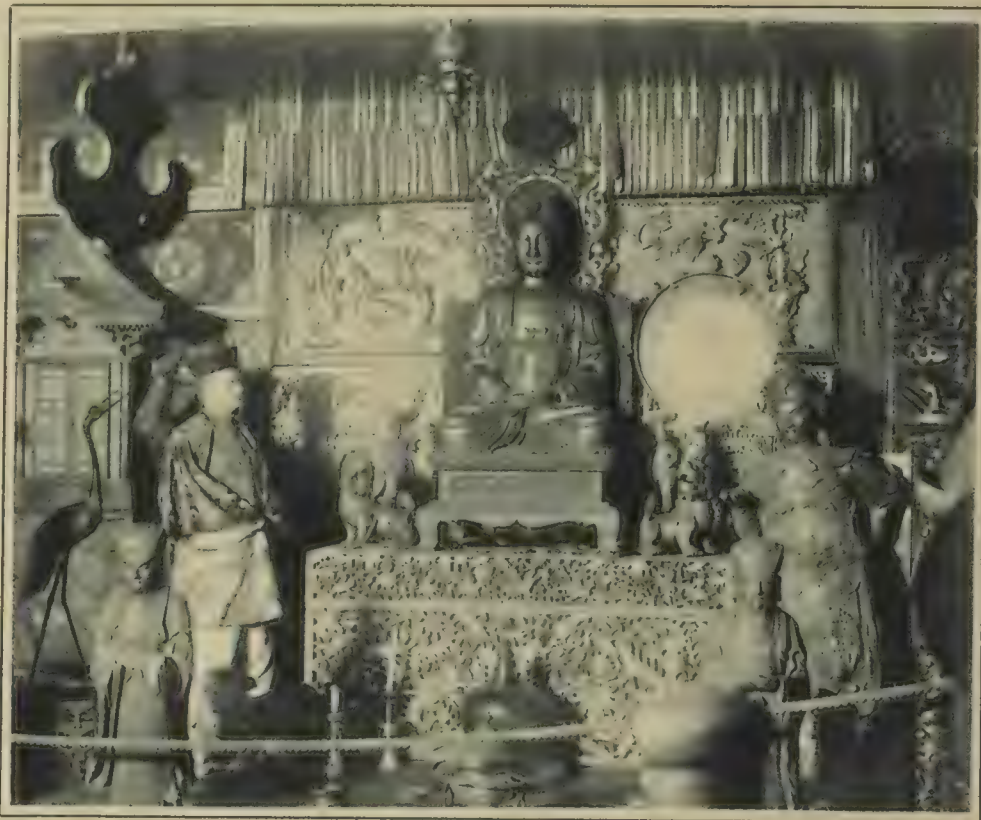
BENVENUTO CELLINI turned into a handsome young gallant who makes love alternately to his model and to the Medici Duchess, but given some touches also of the braggart and the bravo; a Duke and Duchess shown wandering about a balcony in their nightgowns on amorous quest and both cheated of their respective quarries; a hangman's noose at one moment placed round the hero's neck and then transferred to the Duke's plotting cousin because it must be turned to some use; a cape-and-sword story, in short, with scenes of libertinage alternating with its blood-letting and with dialogue of the cynical sort that we get from our Maughams and Cowards—this is the material of Edwin Justus Mayer's shaping which, under the title of "The Firebrand," has greatly pleased New York and seems likely, at Wyndham's, to capture London suffrages also. It is not too trustworthy as either a picture of mediæval Florence or as a portrait of that combination of rogue and genius, Cellini, but it constitutes a very laughable entertainment, and it has secured a strong cast. Mr. Ivor Novello in the title-rôle cuts a picturesque figure; Miss Constance Collier is as handsome a Duchess as any painter could wish to paint; Miss Ursula Jeans makes the model the naughtiest of engaging wantons; and Mr. Hugh Wakefield's Duke is as droll as any other of his comic creations.

MR. ZANGWILL'S "FORCING HOUSE." AT THE LITTLE.

"The Forcing House" is the nearest thing to a good play which Mr. Zangwill has written for many

a day. It is far too long; it is overloaded with minor details, secondary ideas, and superfluous dialogue; it is half-spoilt by his old tricks of discursiveness and loquacity, and yet it is packed full of thought and wit which are devoted to a subject of absorbing modern

and counter-revolution; and so anxious is he to show up the weakness of visionaries as leaders, and of "Reds" when given power, as well as the cynicism of not a little modern statecraft, that the threads of his plot become tangled, rhetoric gets in the way of his drama, and it is difficult to discover the *ménage* he is offering; for it is not so much the cause as the personalities of his stage revolution that are pictured at fault. We start with an introduction to the beautiful young Queen of Valdania and her crafty Prime Minister, Count Cazotti, who has a short way with Socialist zealots. He is overthrown by the journalist agitator, Riffoni Vittorio, whom he had sentenced to deportation; but with strange lack of foresight this new President includes in his ruling triumvirate not only a Socialist professor, Salaret, but also the old Premier, turned "Red" for reasons of policy. Salaret has a weakness for the ladies of the old court; Cazotti blackmails him into joining a plot, which fails, to murder the President, Vittorio, and the latter, after falling in love with the Queen and letting her escape, falls to a chance shot as he exposes himself on his balcony. At the last we see Cazotti enjoying his cigar on the Queen's throne, while the cries of counter-revolution come up from the streets. Mr. Zangwill is understood to be shortening his play; when that process is through, perhaps his purpose will be clearer. Meantime it may be said that, though his types are none too sharply individualised, Mr. George Bealby and Mr. Lewin Mannerling make interesting figures out of the Premier and the Professor; Mr. Harcourt Williams struggles gallantly with the exhausting part of the hero; and Miss Ethel Irving returns to the stage in this play, though with little to do.



INCLUDING A BELL 4000 YEARS OLD: A REPLICA OF AN ANCIENT CHINESE PALACE TEMPLE OPENED AS A MUSEUM AT MANCHESTER.

A well-known collector of Chinese art treasures, Mr. Hilditch, has converted a modern building in the grounds of a private house in Victoria Park, Manchester, into a wonderful replica of a Chinese palace temple with its gardens, so that those interested in the ancient crafts of China may see examples of them in a proper setting. The temple, to which visitors are admitted free, was opened on February 13 by Viscount Leverhulme. In the centre is a massive figure of Buddha, and there is a richly carved altar of cherry lacquer. Bell-ringing and gong-sounding ceremonies are performed, and one of the bells used is 4000 years old.—[Photograph by Topical.]

interest. He is concerned here with the game of politicians, the aims of Socialism, the ironies of revolution

the exhausting part of the hero; and Miss Ethel Irving returns to the stage in this play, though with little to do.

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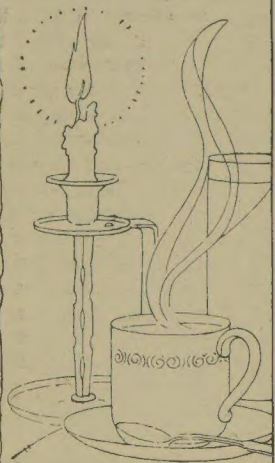
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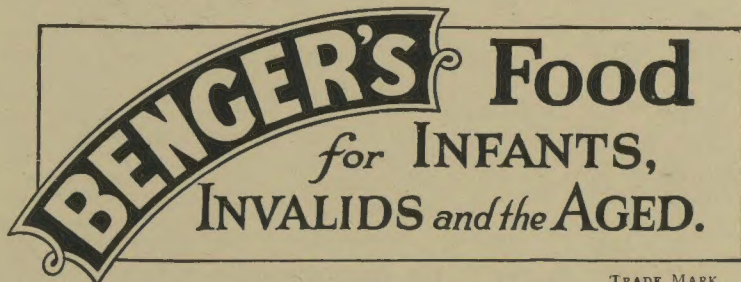
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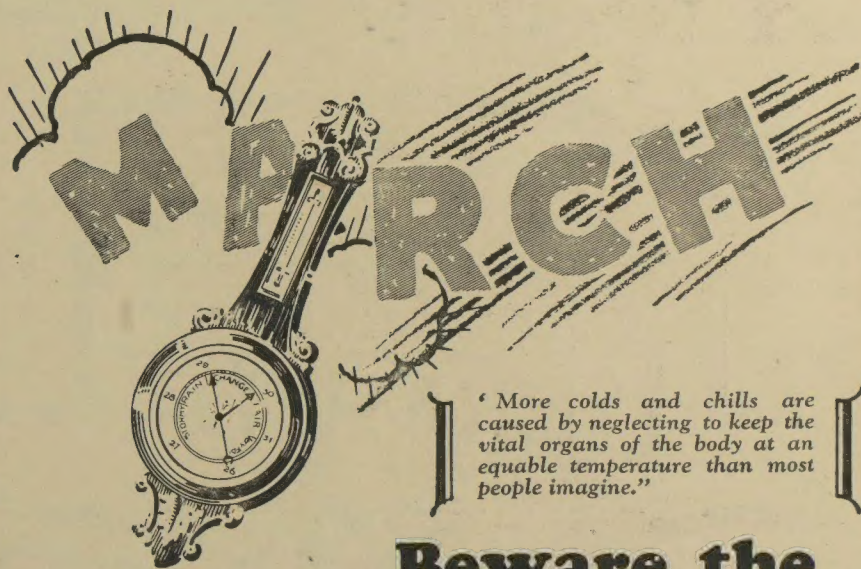
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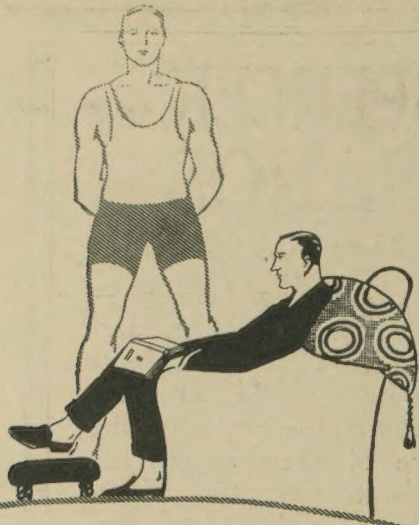
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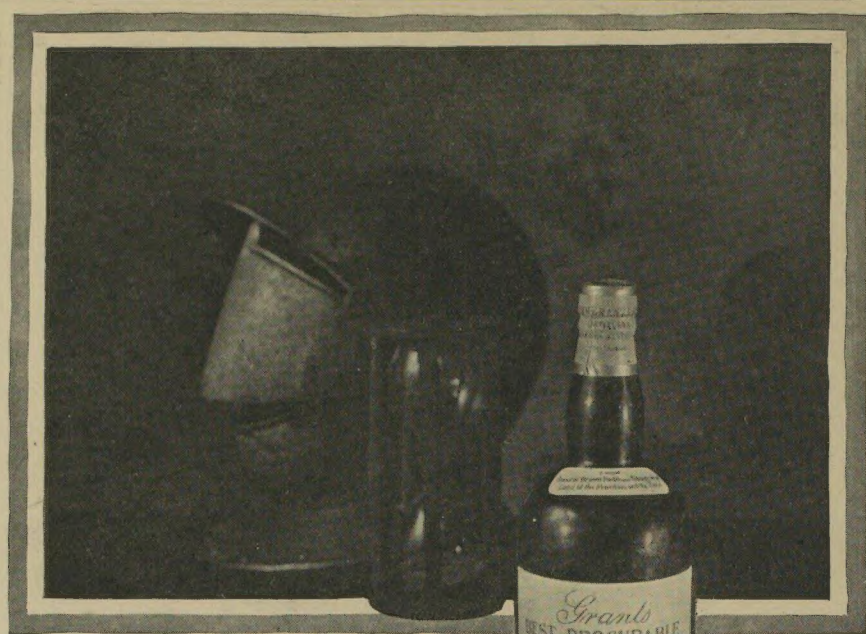
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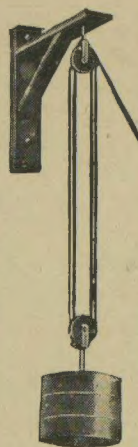
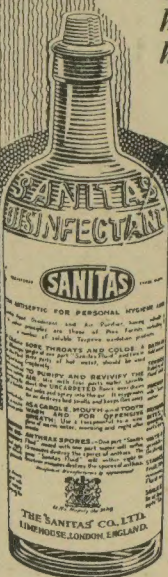
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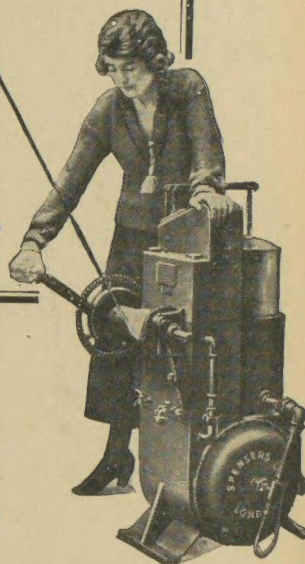
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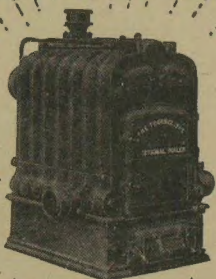


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